

Over 725,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

JUNE 10, 1953

PRICE

9

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.





"I got this cosy sewing corner by installing a Sliding Door"

"I had a corner I could not use because the old-fashioned door swung back into it—and I badly needed a spot for sewing. Aunt Agnes gave me the brain-wave. 'It's that clumsy door that's the trouble', she said. 'My sliding doors don't waste any space.' I changed MY old-fashioned swing doors to a sliding door on a Bangor Track, and see how I now have

space for a sewing machine and cutting-out bench.

QUICK FACTS ABOUT SLIDING DOORS ON BANGOR TRACK

- Track is concealed in wall cavity or under panel.
- Door slides smoothly at a touch.
- No floor track to interfere with carpet or collect dust.
- No squeaking, rattling, banging. No draughts.

Wormold Brothers (East) Limited, Box 1578, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. (If you live in another State please look up nearest Wormold Brothers address in 'phone book.) Please send me your "Planning to Build" brochure which tells me all about Bangor Sliding Door Track and its installation.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

S.W.W. 1

BANGOR
SLIDING DOOR TRACK
and FITTINGS
A PRODUCT OF WORMOLD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES

Take a hint on STRIPPING WALLPAPER



To strip wallpaper quickly and easily, add two tablespoons of THIX solvent to two gallons of water. Soak the surface of the paper with the solution. You'll be able to peel the paper right off the wall without the slightest hurry or fuss. And—by the way! You'll find THIX equally effective for WAXING UP, HAND OR MACHINE LAUNDRING, CLEANING CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY, GLASSWARE, PAINTWORK, LINOLINUM, TRIS. THIX will quickly do all the dirty work in or around your home. Anything else can do, THIX can do better.



Popular Author—Fascinating Subject

THE INFINITE WOMAN

By Edison Marshall

The dazzling career of Lola Montez cut a world-wide swathe in Victorian times.

Here Marshall makes her tell her own experiences which she does with candour, dash, and verve.

16/- From all Booksellers

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JUNE 10, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 2

OUR TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

THIS issue represents a milestone in the history of The Australian Women's Weekly. We are celebrating our twentieth birthday.

They have been 20 momentous years. Our files, as we look back over them, mirror the events of the times—the Abdication, the Spanish and Abyssinian wars, the long years of World War II, the uneasy, hopeful years of peace with the shadowed background of the struggle in Korea. They record the deaths of two British Kings and two Coronations.

Our first issue, that of June 10, 1933, was modest by present-day standards, but it laid the foundation of success represented in the circulation for our Coronation issue of May 27 of 840,000 copies.

However, circulation figures alone do not give a complete picture of the relationship between The Australian Women's Weekly and its readers.

We like to think that we have become a household word in Australia, and one of the reasons for this, we believe, is that we do not underestimate women.

As a paper we have always held that women's interests are not confined to the kitchen and the nursery. They embrace the whole field of human activity. Therefore we have always kept our pages topical, giving our readers a representative coverage of the news of the world.

One of the consequences of this policy is that nowadays we have nearly as many men readers as women.

We are pleased about that, just as we are pleased to know that our readers will wish us many happy returns.

We, in our turn, would wish for all those young men and women who have become 20 with us a less troubled and more peaceful world.

Our cover:

● Staff artist Bonar Dunlop painted this inspiring picture of the most moving and spectacular moment of the Coronation when the Archbishop of Canterbury places the Crown of St. Edward on the Monarch's head. Immediately the congregation cries "God Save the Queen," with loud and repeated shouts, and the princes and princesses, peers and peeresses put on their coronets and caps and the Kings of Arms their crowns.

Then, in the words of the order of service, "the trumpets shall sound, and by a signal given, the great guns at the Tower shall be shot off."

This week:

● On pages 28 and 29 you see color stills from the sparkling musical "Call Me Madam," based on the life of Mrs. Perle Mesta, American Ambassador to Luxembourg under the Truman administration. Mrs. Mesta, who left Luxembourg recently, told Marcia Pickard in an interview that she was going to give some Coronation parties in London and then leave on a world tour (to include Australia) while her new house in Washington was being built.

There she will resume her famous parties, invitations to which often had political significance when the Democrats were in power.

● If you think winter is the season for drab clothes, turn to page 35 and see how the designers are using color in topcoats. In any one of those shown you would welcome grey skies and feel warm and cosy in chill winds.

Next week:

● Four pages of color pictures and our cover will illustrate the glittering shows which the London theatre world is presenting in honor of the Coronation to delight the British people and visitors from all over the world. A story will bring intimate behind-the-scenes glimpses at the leading theatres and word sketches of theatrical personalities.

A second article by Victor Thompson reveals new sidelights on the personality of the Queen's husband, the Duke of Edinburgh.

Mexican setting for drama of good versus evil

Book review by GEORGINA MORLEY

THE age-old story of the contest between the forces of good and evil is given new and dramatic expression in Audrey Erskine Lindop's latest novel, "The Singer Not the Song."

As the title suggests, the story develops the theory that a cause will stand or fall by the strength or weakness of its adherents.

The novel was the British Book Society's choice for the Book of the Month.

With first-class characterisation, Miss Lindop has portrayed two principal characters. One is Father Michael Keogh, a Catholic secular priest, and the other, Anacleto Gonzalez Flores Comachi Alvarez, a Mexican bandit.

The two men represent the good and the bad influences in the lives of a small Mexican community.

Isolated in a valley surrounded by steep and dangerous hills, the township of Quantana is the stage on which the priest and the bandit fight for supremacy over the impressionable inhabitants.

Several characters are used as foils for the main contestants.

All well drawn and none improbable, they illustrate the many phases through which the struggle passes.

Chief among them is

Locha, daughter of the cultured Mexican aristocrat Don Pedro and the empty-headed American Dona Marian, who complicates the issue by falling in love with the priest.

The fluctuating loyalties of the inhabitants of Quantana, influenced by fear and by faith, show that Miss Lindop has an acute insight into that complex facet of human nature, mob psychology.

Miss Lindop, or Mrs. Dudley Leslie as she is in private life, has written four other novels and has collaborated with her husband in writing a play.

"The Singer Not the Song" evolved from her interest in characterisation and her belief that a strong character dictates his own story.

"I wished to see what would happen to a man of Father Keogh's unshakable convictions when up against someone of equally unshakable but quite opposite convictions," she said.

"To place two such men in close proximity and try to trace the outcome of their inevitable battle gave me the idea for the story."

The outcome of "The Singer Not the Song" is cleverly concealed until the last couple of pages.

Published by William Heinemann Ltd. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 408W, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 31 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 408W, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 188A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 401G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

DANGER
in the dark or
EVEREADY
flashlights
to the rescue



FUSES ARE EASY



WHEN YOU HAVE AN
"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT



MIND THE STAIRS



NEXT TIME TAKE AN
"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
NEEDS AN "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT

Make sure you always have your "Eveready" flashlight close at hand—and make doubly sure it's always powered with "Eveready" batteries. They give brighter light, longer life—and they're always reliable.



FLASHLIGHTS, BATTERIES AND BULBS

"Eveready" is the registered trademark of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.

F53-2

Now that you know

By ELIZABETH MILNE

She thought she finally had everything she wanted until she fell in love for the first time

IT would upset all her carefully planned decor. There was no one room in her flat—her flat, she repeated with familiar incredulity, in which the love-seat would not look incongruous, monstrously out of its element, a constant monument to the absurdity of her impulses.

Margaret Christie walked away from the window of the sale-room, consciously strong-willed, superior, unsentimental.

The gates of the lift of the smart block of flats closed behind her with the discreet and well-oiled click to which she was not yet accustomed, and she pushed the tiny gilt key into the lock of her front door.

It, too, closed gently at her touch, its small slam muffled by the thick cherry-colored carpet absorbed in the velour hangings against grey and golden sycamore walls.

Once again, she enjoyed the soft flowering of the lights under their little lantern cages, touched the bronze Eros on the wrought-iron pedestal, and, sighing with content, went on into the warm comfort of the bedroom.

One play, she thought for the hundredth time, only one play, and that only a moderate success, and yet it had won her everything she had ever longed for. Independence, satisfaction, near luxury—happiness.

Her wide mouth tilted cornerwise as she faced her reflection in the big square mirror. Had she been younger she might have felt discontent that success could not bring her beauty, but at thirty-one security and self-confidence meant more.

And if there were a wistful taste in the happiness it was the sweeter for that. She was lucky; she was Cinderella, and for her there need be no midnight chimes.

She smiled again in companionable self-mockery before she went out to the kitchen to put on the coffee-pot. As she carried her tray to the dining-room, she paused at the curtained alcove leading to the lounge and considered the room thoughtfully.

No, she had been right. This setting was quite perfect. There was no place for a red velvet antique, no matter how temptingly curved its back or how elegant its carving.

The cream leather armchairs would sneer at it, and she shuddered to contemplate its effect against the maple radio cabinet.

Still, there was a corner over by the fireplace between the bookshelves. It might make a cosy, cheerful corner on a winter evening.

The little typing table could be moved from the window and the high back of the love-seat would enclose the fire and lamplight in a pool of tranquillity where she could read and work in peace.

For a long moment, quite deliberately, she held the scene in her mind's eye: the low table, the tumbled piles of manuscript, the

ruby sheen of warm velvet, and mahogany carved into sly cherub faces which came to life in the dance of the firelight.

Then, just as deliberately, she introduced the central character: tall and scraggy, thin face topped by black hair and divided by a cleft between the brows above the bony ridge of his nose, he dropped with a sigh into the comfortable clasp of the old love-seat, stretched long legs to the hearth and smiled at her. That was all.

Only once, she thought, if it happened only once, I'd be too happy. I'd do something utterly stupid to spoil it all.

But if it could happen, like a miracle, I'd want no more from life...

She blinked and came back to the brilliant midday sunshine, the bright modernity of cream leather, and the smell of coffee.

Her curling mouth tilted again as she cleared a space for the tray on the crowded work table. How crazy and exciting and terrifying to fall in love for the first time at thirty-one! And with such devastating completeness.

She had imagined love before, but there was nothing imaginary about this turmoil—except for Terry Fain's share in it. That was her private dream, wistful and incommunicable, and the mere thought that he might guess turned her cold with shame.

Dreams could be confined to their own fantastic world, but living had to be faced on a different level.

The new play lagged. Sighing, frowning with distaste at the dog-eared sheets of the second act, she cradled the warm coffee cup in her hands and sat down before the typewriter.

Something had to be done with it, and soon. It was beginning to haunt her at odd moments, and yet when she tried to work on it she thought instead of Terry Fain's ominous stillness when a rehearsal went badly, or of how he might look, relaxed and content, in the curve of a Victorian love-seat.

He would be in the theatre this afternoon rehearsing the touring company. They were due to begin the circuit next week and he had hinted that he might go with them until they settled down.

She stared blindly at the scribbled pages of script, and wondered how long he might be away.

At the end of an hour, hot, headachy, and dissatisfied, she gave in. The atmosphere of the theatre might be a stimulation—at least it would be cooler there than in this oven of a flat, and she could work well into the night to make up for the stolen time.

Her heart already beating faster, she walked along the baking pavements to the familiar street, and, groping her way through the dark

back passages of the theatre, came into the stalls from the foyer.

Terry sat on a wooden chair, his back to the footlights, and, with his chin sunk on his chest, watched the two juveniles go through the love scene.

Even before she glanced at the other players grouped watchfully around the side curtains, she knew from the immobility of his attitude that it was not going well.

Suddenly he snapped his fingers. The boy and girl halted in mid-speech. The acoustics of the hall carried his voice clearly back to her.

"Look, Dick," he said wearily, "she's not a bowl of porridge. You love the girl!"

The boy relaxed with an exasperated sigh. "Don't keep telling me! Tell that darn Christie woman—she wrote the thing! I wouldn't make ham speeches like this to anyone I was in love with!"

There were a few smiles, instantly subdued by the snapping fingers. "Audiences pay for Miss Christie's version—that bears remembering. Once more, please, and try to make me believe in it this time."

They went through the short scene again; at the end he rose, swinging his chair aside, and came down to the stalls by clambering over the orchestra rail.

He saw her as he turned into the centre aisle and peered back into the dimness. "Miss Christie?" he said.

"Yes." She was glad of the shadows as she walked down towards him. "I—hope you don't mind my coming in. It's cooler here."

"Is it?" He seemed to smile, and made a little gesture of invitation. She sat down in one of the shrouded stalls. "We generate our own heat, I'm afraid."

He took the seat beside her and flexed his shoulders against the cushion.

"You're tired," she said involuntarily.

"We'll be through in half an hour." He raised his voice. "Third act from the beginning, please."

"That love scene," she began, before all of her courage drained away, "he's right—it is dreadful."

"No," he demurred. "Weaker, perhaps, than it should be, but after all, the play's been running for four months without wrecking itself on that scene."

"Couldn't I rewrite it?"

He turned his head, and this time she could see the gleam of his eyes

To page 34

As Margaret came into the theatre she could hear Dick saying to Terry, "I wouldn't make ham speeches like this to anyone I was in love with."

How to say "Welcome" with



C2110



There is warmth of welcome in a well-appointed room that is aglow with Crown Lightingware. There's a feeling of luxury . . . of genuine hospitality. Crown-lighted rooms are "inviting" rooms. When next you choose a lighting fixture, choose tastefully. You'll find that even the most exclusive Crown Lightingware designs are not extravagant in cost.

C2130



C2110—1-light Bracket. Finish: Old Ivory. Cups in Pink, Primrose and Amber.

C2130—3-light Pendant. Finish: Old Ivory. Cups in Pink, Primrose and Amber.

C2121A—An enclosed 16" Unit with Vitro Art Cylinder. Unit in clear glass with ceramic lines—Cylinder to match. Colours: Primrose, Pink and Green. Suspension: Satin Silver.

C2121A



C1430—3-light Pendant (also supplied as 5-light). Finish: Goldtone. Art Amber Cups. Gold lines—also Pink, Primrose Moonstone.

C2150—5-light Pendant (also supplied as 3-light). Finish: Gold. Cups in Ivory with attractive contrasting treatment. Pink, Primrose and Amber.

C2210—1-light Bracket. Finish: Gold. Cups in Ivory with attractive contrasting treatment. Pink, Primrose and Amber.

C1430



C2250



products of
CROWN CRYSTAL
GLASS PTY. LTD.

Obtainable from all leading
lightingware distributors in
the Commonwealth.

C2210



Play Safe!
Be sure this
label is on every
Lighting Unit you buy!

Connie cleans up

It was the strangest situation . . . pretending to be the fiancée of the man she loved so much.

TO say Connie was startled was to put it mildly. The mere fact that Roger Mallinson should consult her at all in a personal matter of this kind was surprising enough.

During the several years she had been his secretary he had been invariably courteous and considerate towards her, but she always felt that he regarded her quite impersonally, more or less as just one more piece of efficient and necessary office equipment.

This was a depressing conviction, for Connie had long ago ceased to deny to herself that she was more interested in Roger as a man than was good for her peace of mind.

And now, out of the blue, he had taken her breath away with this crazy proposition.

She raised startled eyes from the letter in her hand to meet Roger's look. He was waiting to hear her reaction.

"Well, with all due respect to your aunt, Mr. Mallinson, I think this a colossal piece of nerve, and quite ridiculous. You surely don't take it seriously."

He gave her a comical glance. "You don't know my aunt, Miss West. She's the world's most interfering woman, and the most determined. Once she gets an idea she will move heaven and earth to carry it out. That letter is typical of her."

To give herself time to collect her scattered wits, and her heart time to stop that ridiculous quick-step it was indulging in, Connie read the letter again.

It was headed "Wanganui, New Zealand," and signed "Your affectionate aunt, Elizabeth Prendergast."

"Dear Roger" (it ran), "Do you realise you have not written to me for six months? I met that Hewartson man yesterday and he said that when he was in Sydney last month you were not looking well, and were very thin."

"I suspect you have some incompetent servant mismanaging your house, and are not getting your proper meals. You should be old enough and have sense enough to look after yourself, but I know what men are, and as your only near relative I feel it my responsibility."

"On thinking things over, I am convinced it would be a very good idea for you to marry again. It is six years since poor Laura passed away, and a man is not expected to stay single for ever. I know you will do nothing about it if left to yourself, so I have decided to take a trip to Sydney to see you and talk things over."

"As you know, I am an abominable sailor, and certainly wouldn't trust myself in an aeroplane at my age, but I promised your dear mother twenty years ago to treat you as a son, and I shall not feel happy until I know you are safely settled with someone to look after you."

"While in Sydney I shall stay with my old friend Polly Adams, and, as it happens, she has an unmarried daughter who, from what I hear, is a sensible girl, so, who knows, things may work out quite nicely."

"When this letter reaches you I shall be on the water, and I trust you can make time to meet my ship when it berths next Thursday afternoon."

By the time Connie had digested this amazing epistle a second time she was, if anything, even less composed than before, for now had arrived the moment when she must decide whether or not she would agree to Roger's preposterous suggestion.

Seeing her hesitation, he smiled wryly and ran his fingers through his hair in a gesture of embarrassment.

"This probably seems to you a ridicu-

lous scheme for a staid barrister to be hatching. But, believe me, if you knew my aunt you would realise it is the only way, if I'm to avoid a lot of wear and tear in argument with her and, incidentally, remain single."

He hesitated for a moment and then went on:

"If you could just act as my fiancée for the short time she is here, and I could confront her with a prospective wife of my own choosing, that would wash out her idea of foisting me on to this unfortunate young woman she apparently has in mind."

"After she returns pacified to New Zealand I could let it leak out gradually that you had thought better of it, and if I know anything about Aunt Elizabeth as a sailor she is not likely to tackle the Tasman crossing again for many a long day. The question is, would you mind doing it? There's no one else I would care to ask," he finished apologetically.

The unaccustomed note of appeal in his voice made Connie's heart lurch afresh.

There was irony in the situation, but suddenly excitement welled up in her, for wasn't this a heaven-sent opportunity for Roger to see a different Constance West, away from unromantic business surroundings?

The prospect of his companionship in the role of fiancée, even though only a temporary, make-believe one, was very attractive, and recklessly she made her decision, vaguely aware that she was preparing future heartburnings for herself.

She laughed a little breathlessly, but managed to say composedly enough:

By M. NOLAN

"Well, it does seem a hair-brained scheme, but if you think it will work I'll go through with it."

"Oh, good. You're a sportsman. That's a load off my mind. Now, I'm going out of town for a couple of days on that Birding case—won't be back till Thursday morning—so could you lunch with me that day, and we can lay our plans in this dark conspiracy?"

"Naturally it will all be quite hush-hush so far as the staff here goes. Can you imagine that young horror of a message-boy of ours getting wind of such goings-on? What little authority I've got over him now would be gone for good!"

Connie agreed, smiling, and as she collected her note-book she wondered, with inward enjoyment, what the glamorous junior typist would think if she knew her sedate senior was launching on this mad adventure.

She paused at the door as a thought struck her. "Mr. Mallinson, my holidays are just about due. Perhaps it would help if I were away from the office for the time being."

"Well, yes, that certainly would simplify matters, but I mustn't impose on your good nature. Haven't you made any holiday plans?"

"Not really." As she spoke, Horace, the office junior, chose to make an unannounced and disconcerting entry. Roger cleared his throat and, holding the door for Connie, remarked, for his benefit: "Yes, Miss West, I will see that you are released from Thursday morning. You might engage an extra junior for the three weeks."

Connie made her escape, hoping devoutly that she did not look as thrilled as she felt.

For the three days until she finished up at the office she worked with the

mechanical precision born of long practice, but her thoughts strayed in all directions—first, clothes!

Tuesday found her blithely parting with several weeks' savings in the acquisition of some additions to her wardrobe: a becoming little hat, some extravagantly beautiful gloves, a brilliant scarf, a new hand-bag.

On Thursday she kept her appointment with Roger, feeling surprisingly self-possessed, due doubtless to the knowledge that she was looking her best. He stood in the foyer of an exclusive restaurant waiting—tall, slim, immaculate.

He had always liked Miss West immensely for her sound common-sense and unaffected friendliness, but now, as she smiled a welcome, he realised, with mild surprise, that here, too, was a distinctly attractive-looking young woman. Dashed distinguished, in her own way!

He led her to their table, but not until they had finished lunch would he mention the reason of their meeting. Then he launched a bombshell. Aunt Elizabeth's ship had berthed earlier than expected, and he had already acted out the first scene of the little comedy.

"Think I did it pretty well, too. Added a few artistic touches on the spur of the moment." He laughed at the recollection. "As far as Aunt Elizabeth is concerned, I am now an engaged man."

"How did she take it?"

"Wasn't sure whether to be pleased I had shown such surprising good sense or annoyed that she had not had a finger in the pie. I think she is reserving judgment until she has inspected you."

Connie made a small grimace. "And when is that to be?"

"She suggests that we dine at my home to-morrow evening. Will that suit you?"

Connie agreed, and at Roger's suggestion it was arranged that he take her to a show that night, for, as he said, it was essential that they get in some practice in their new relationship before facing the eagle eye of Mrs. Prendergast.

In the stalls that evening, between the acts of "Mr. Pim Passes By," he confided that he was more or less uneasy about the success of the prospective dimmer-party.

"My housekeeper, Mrs. Kelly, is what you might call rough but homely. She leaves the house pretty much to itself, and I imagine cooking for state occasions is not one of her strong suits. I can just hear my Aunt's scathing comments. But perhaps the presence of my intended wife may spur Mrs. Kelly on."

He chuckled. "She is a romantic soul, and I assure you she is taking a great interest in our engagement."

Roger was undeniably enjoying himself. In his younger days he had been an ardent "first-nighter" but of late had got out of the habit of theatregoing, and he found this revival of one of his favorite comedies, in congenial company, pleasantly stimulating.

He glanced down at Connie's absorbed face, shadowy in the dim light, his appreciative eye taking in her softly waving hair and clasped white hands. Was this the same businesslike young woman he had regarded so impersonally for years past? She not merely looked different; her conversation, too, revealed a vivacity and charm he had not suspected in her.

It was delightfully cool when, still under the spell of Milne's whimsical characters, they left the theatre. Connie declined supper, so he hailed a taxi and they drove to her flat almost in silence, both feeling all at once a slight constraint, born of the romantic beauty of the night and their own unconventional relationship.



As Roger took his aunt's coat he said, "Aunt Elizabeth, this is my fiancée, Connie West."

The following morning Connie had an inspiration which resulted in her packing a small valise and setting out (not without misgivings) to interview Roger's housekeeper.

This proved less of an ordeal than she had feared, for Mrs. Kelly, true to her name, turned out to be a good-natured Irishwoman with a broad streak of sentiment.

Upon learning Connie's identity she welcomed her with open arms and insisted upon brewing morning tea. Over that "cuppa" they became fast friends.

Connie explained tactfully that she had come to see if she could help in preparing for the dinner-party and Mrs. Kelly, though making it plain that "she didn't rightly hold with all this fuss over one aunt" promised to put her best foot forward for the occasion.

Together they planned the menu, and while Mrs. Kelly sallied forth to do the marketing the girl looked over the house with an eye to a general sprucing up.

The rooms were well proportioned, with good period furniture, but everything bore a sadly forlorn, neglected appearance, and dust lay everywhere.

Connie's fingers itched to be at work, and by the time Mrs. Kelly returned she was up to her elbows in soapsuds. Her enthusiasm communicated itself to the housekeeper and right through the day they worked away with a will, cleaning, dusting, polishing.

Mrs. Kelly even went to the length of producing a lovely standing lamp from the upstairs regions for the hall, long crystal candlesticks for the dining-table, and some bright cushions.

Connie made a raid on the well-kept garden (Roger's hobby, she guessed), and arranged great bowls of roses and gladioli in the dining-room, lounge, and entrance hall. The result was delightful. The dingy house was transformed.

Finally, Mrs. Kelly refused to let Connie do another tap.

"Now, Miss Constance, if Mr. Mallinson finds you all tired out it'll be meself that'll get the rough edge of his tongue, so come away now and rest, and there's hot water for a nice bath if you've a mind." After one last survey, Connie suffered herself to be marched off.

Roger had had a particularly hard day in the law courts, and as he steered his car out of the city traffic, homeward bound, he was feeling dog-tired.

The prospect of entertaining his aunt at dinner (the kind of dinner Mrs. Kelly would provide) was not cheering, for he was acutely conscious of the deficiencies in his domestic menage, and to-night did not feel equal to the inevitable criticism.

He called round at Connie's flat on the off-chance that he could give her a lift and, receiving no response to his ring, felt annoyed that, in the rush of the day's business, he had neglected to contact her.

Reaching home, he let himself in the front door and threw his hat on the hall seat, then stood with his overcoat half off, staring. It was the soft radiance of the shaded lamp that first caught his attention, then the bowl of flowers on the gleaming rosewood table.

Not by the wildest stretch of imagination could he attribute this charming touch to Mrs. Kelly. Puzzled, he strode into the dining-room and there, before a crackling log fire, stood Connie, flushed and expectant. In one comprehensive glance he took in the tastefully arranged room, the crystal and silver sparkling in the glow of the firelight.

Being a man, he did not notice all the details; he only knew he had come home, weary and dejected, and here was comfort, warmth, beauty—home!

Why, he could stand up to half a dozen Aunt Elizabeths in these surroundings. And

Connie, of course, had done it all. A wave of gratitude swept through him as he crossed to her side and, putting his hands on her shoulders, looked down into her gently smiling face.

"I think this would be the right moment for me to practise kissing my fiancée," he said steadily.

That kiss started out to be a grateful tribute. It ended by being something much more wonderful, and they both were still somewhat dazed when Mrs. Prendergast walked in the open door.

Roger muttered something under his breath. Aunt Elizabeth would choose this moment to arrive, but he quickly took her coat and said, "Aunt Elizabeth, this is my fiancée, Connie West."

The dinner was a success. True, both Roger and Connie were inclined to be silent and abstracted, but Mrs. Prendergast was quite capable of carrying on the conversation.

She let it be known that her nephew's choice had the seal of her approval, and while doing full justice to the excellent dinner, she kept up a running fire of advice on married life in general and their case in particular.

Roger murmured "Yes" and "No" at more or less appropriate intervals, but he had made a disturbing discovery to-night, which required thought.

For the past six years he had lived a solitary life outside business hours. He was not naturally unsocial, but most of his friends were married and had their own interests, and he had taken it as a matter of course that he should come home to this silent house and spend long evenings with his garden, his books, and his pipe; had thought himself content to have it so.

But now came a revulsion of feeling. He felt all at once the need for companionship—for someone to share his life, someone to work for and be happy with.

And to-night he knew definitely that it was Connie he wanted—Connie, whom he knew and understood, and who understood him. He wondered what chance he had with her. The ten years difference in their ages loomed all at once very formidable.

It was nearly midnight when the little party broke up and Roger brought his two-seater round to the front door. It was a squeeze, for Aunt Elizabeth was not one of your lean, stringy aunts. Not till she had been deposited at her destination did they feel they could breathe freely.

As the car started off again Connie sank back in her corner, content to sit silent, watching Roger's lean hands on the wheel, and stealing an occasional glance at his strong profile. He did not speak until they had drawn up before her flat.

Then he shut off the engine and turned to her in a purposeful manner.

"Connie, why did you do it—go to all that trouble with the dinner and the flowers—and everything?"

"Why, to put one up on Aunt Elizabeth, of course." Her eyes met his, laughingly, then faltered before the new, warm regard she found there.

He leaned towards her, and suddenly he was holding her hands and blurring out broken sentences—Roger Mallinson, that fluent pleader, stammering and stuttering like any boy of twenty.

"I need you, Connie. I must have been blind all these years. Connie, could you put up with me for always?"

She looked up then, an answer in her shining, tell-tale eyes. The next moment his arms were about her and her face was hidden in his shoulder, his lips on her hair.

Aunt Elizabeth had won!

(Copyright)



*Can't you see
them on your beds?*

There's no need to wait another day
for the beauty and comfort you'll enjoy
for years to come...your favourite store
has Onkaparinga 100% pure wool blankets
now. The deep down caressing warmth
of cosy, colourful Onkaparinga blankets will
transform your restful hours into hours of
unbelievably luxurious sleeping comfort.
And remember, Onkaparinga are
the blankets with the 12-year
guarantee.

BUY WELL — BUY WOOL

ONKAPARINGA are made with 100% pure wool
and backed by the experience of over 80 years in the
art of pure blanket making. Available in Pink, Green,
Blue and Primrose, with or without Satin bound edges,
also in White with Pink, Blue and Green Checks.
If unobtainable in your district, write for the name
and address of your nearest supplier.



Onkaparinga

* THE ALL-WOOL BLANKETS WITH THE 12-YEAR GUARANTEE

ONKAPARINGA WOOLLEN COMPANY LIMITED
G. P. O. BOX 57A. ADELAIDE, S. A.

The Talk

A short, short story
By JEAN TURNLEY

WHEN old Mick Pobjoy took the page proofs into the factory manager's office that afternoon there was a smooth young man with Mathers . . . talking nineteen to the dozen in a hot-house kind of voice.

George Mathers, bluff and a bit of a one to pull your leg, grinned and pointed at Mick. "This chap would be a good man for you, Mr. Shubert! Been in the game forty years!"

The polished young man looked at Mick seriously. "It's for 'Your Job and Mine', you know. A talk on printing."

Mick blinked at him uncertainly. "That would be very nice, I'm sure." "The human angle, you know." The radio man leaned towards Mick. "And informative, of course. You would know a great deal about printing, Mr. . . ." He flipped open a notebook.

"Look out! He'll have you under contract in a minute!" George Mathers pushed a pile of stuff across his desk. "Get these down to the comps, will you, Mick? We'll go into this radio business later!"

Mick went slowly back down the passage to the factory. Talk on the radio, eh? Everyone listening! Old Mick Pobjoy . . . who's he? Well, why not? He'd like to know anyone else who knew more about it! Forty years . . . from printer's devil at five bob a week . . .

It grew on him as he cleaned up, everyone else gone, a little, grey, ageing man in an eye-shade, talking to himself. Yes, he could tell them stories of printing that would make these youngsters sit up! "Old Mick, eh?" He'd say admiringly, "the old blighter!"

The same old crowd were on the bus. They little guess, he thought, looking at me now . . . oh, yes! They all listen to these radio shows!

Oh, well! He'd never amounted to much . . . just worked hard . . . done his job . . . had respect for the boss, old Mr. Mathers, now young George . . . it would be something if before he knocked off for good . . . "My experiences as a printer!"

He told Mother as soon as he got home, easing off his boots in the dark little sitting-room. "Oh, Mick! You on the wireless!"

She threw affectionate glances at the radio set as she bustled around the tea-table. "Just wait till I tell the girls."

"Hold on, now!" he cautioned her. "It's not settled yet. Just young George said to me, seeing as how I'd been forty years—"

"Of course, dear! You're just the one to do it . . . it's wonderful, you know . . . all those thousands of people listening!"

Later, in bed, lying awake in the dark, he said to her, "You awake, Mother? Like to hear what I was thinking to say?"

"Of course, dear! Go on!"

Mick cleared his throat and began to speak with heavy formality, as though the microphone was already before him. "It's a long time since a printer could be proud of being able to set type by hand quick enough to bring out your daily paper set that way. But I can remember . . ."

In the morning it had got around the factory. Mick was pleased. George Mathers had been talking about it.

"Is it dinkum, Mick? You're going to be interviewed on the radio? Giving a talk about printing?"

"Who says so?" he grumbled, playing them along.

"Well, don't forget your old mates



Illustrated by

Maloney

Mrs. Pobjoy heard her husband's first words coming through the radio, "It's a long time since a printer . . ."

when you start giving away the cars and washing machines!"

Mathers had two phones busy when Mick took up the mail. He fiddled with a file till a pause came. "What's happening about that talk, George?"

"Eh? Oh—hang on! That feller—what's his name, Sherbert—Shubert? He'll be down again about it!"

Dismissed, Mick ambled down the corridor. He'd hear about it when they were ready, he supposed. Only . . . it took him longer than they knew to sort things out nowadays.

All very well for the young fellows . . . like that Laurie Kirk, the head salesman, George's white-haired boy. Only been in the trade a few months and thought he knew everything! He could sound like it, that was his trick!

In the afternoon Mick happened to glance up at Mathers' office and saw through the glass wall that the radio man was there talking with George and someone else.

The other man moved into Mick's line of vision and he saw, with profound irritation, that it was Kirk.

What was he doing up there? Mick watched Laurie's well-tailored shoulders sourly. George and Mr. Shubert were laughing at him.

They'll be sending for me in a minute, Mick thought.

But they didn't send for him. Laurie Kirk swaggered off, but Mathers didn't send for Mick. The radio man left.

Oh, well, he supposed, there was plenty of time. But he found an excuse to go up to the office. "What did the wireless bloke say, George?"

Mathers threw another butt on

his overflowing tray. "Oh, he's got it all doped out, Mick. Hot stuff, these boys, eh? Young Laurie was as keen as mustard. That's a bright boy for you, old-timer! You'll get together with him on it, won't you, Mick?"

"Yair!" Mick said mechanically, "That'll be all right, George . . ." He backed slowly out.

But what did it mean? Surely George didn't mean that Laurie Kirk was going to give the talk?

Laurie Kirk! That salesman! Not him, not Mick Pobjoy, after all! George couldn't do that!

What did it matter to Laurie Kirk? He was on the way up. But he, Mick, was finishing. After forty years at it. To talk on the radio . . . he blinked rapidly . . . it would have been . . . nice.

His wife waved the radio paper at him when he got home. "You never told me it would be Friday, Dad!"

There it was, sure enough. "Your Job and Mine—Printing."

"They don't say your name," she said, a little anxiously.

Now was the time, but he couldn't tell her. "No," he said. "No, they would have sent this to press before all that was decided."

Before they decided on Laurie Kirk, he thought, instead of me.

He knew the way George had done it now. In that quick, off-hand way of his. He hadn't really meant Mick to take it up. That radio chap had put it on George to get someone to do the talk and George had said, "O.K. We'll get someone!"

Mick had just happened to come

in, that was all, while George was talking about it.

But he couldn't bring himself to tell Mother. And the girls. And all the neighbors. Not yet . . .

He pattered off to water the cabbage, and there, in the quiet dusk of the garden, he found himself starting to go over it again. "It's a long time since a printer . . ." He couldn't stop himself.

At the factory they were still ribbing him about the talk, even though someone had heard a rumor, "They reckon it's Laurie Kirk's going to do that talk, not old Mick! That right, Mick?"

"Dunno," he said doggedly.

On Thursday Laurie Kirk sent a typist down to Mick with a questionnaire to be filled in on the subject of printing.

So Mr. Mighty Kirk wasn't even bothering to discuss it with old Mick Pobjoy! A few figures and facts was all he needed.

He had made up his mind then what he was going to do, though by Friday morning he scarcely needed to pretend as his wife said "Good-bye" at the gate.

"You don't look too good, dear," she said, kissing him. "But never mind . . . it's just nerves! You come home early and I'll give you one of my tablets."

At work they told him he was "temperamental."

Just before the tea-break he staggered realistically and made a clutch at the bench. "Come over a bit dizzy," he gasped.

They crowded around him. "Here, sit down, Mick! Quick, get him a drink of water."

"Mick? What's up with Mick?" One of the boys came up. "Mathers is shouting for him!"

"George wants me?" From force of habit Mick was alert, then he remembered. "O.K. O.K. I'll be along in a minute."

He presented himself at Mathers' office. "You want to see me, George?" he said in a trembly voice.

"Yes! Where have you been? Look, we're in a spot! This radio thing is scheduled for to-night, and Kirk's suddenly come down with laryngitis. Can't speak a word! Have you given it any thought at all, Mick?"

He sat at a shining table, rather stiff in his best suit. His hair was slicked down and Mother had made him shave again. He longed to cough, but didn't dare, for the announcer on the other side was already talking, introducing Mr. Michael Pobjoy to the radio audience . . . all those thousands of people!

The music swelled and the announcer, smiling encouragingly, aimed a professional finger at Mick. Now!

Mick focused on his script, opened his stiff lips and to his own surprise heard his voice come out:

"It's a long time since a printer could be proud of his ability to set type by hand . . ."

At home, by the radio, Mrs. Pobjoy held her knitting needles poised in the air, while proud, loving tears gathered behind her glasses.

In thousands of homes people listening in said, "Hey! Switch that old coot off and get some music!"

(Copyright)



In the Wet

THE wet season in North Queensland maroons PARSON ROGER HARGREAVES and SISTER FINLAY in Chinese LIANG SHIH'S outlying hut with STEVIE, local "deadbeat" dying of peritonitis, whom they have come to tend.

Parson Hargreaves is himself in a high fever with malaria. When he tries to question the dying man about his relatives, Stevie begs him to contact his wife, ROSEMARY, whom, he says, he met at Buckingham Palace.

Then, in what seems a mixture of fact and fancy, further confused by his own delirium, the parson hears Stevie say that his real name is DAVID ANDERSON, that he was a pilot during the war, and afterwards was stationed at Boscombe Down in England doing experimental test flights.

He is presented to GROUP-CAPTAIN COX, Captain of the Queen's Flight, who offers him the position of captain of the aircraft the Australian Government is presenting to the Queen. David asks for time to consider his decision. NOW READ ON:

HE left the Palace, and walked along Pall Mall in deep thought. He was vaguely on his way to the club, but when he got near to the R.A.C. and saw the streams of people going in and out, he gave up the idea and walked on slowly down the street. It was quieter in the street, in that he could think without the chance of some acquaintance bothering him to come and have a drink. He walked on, wondering what Cox had meant by saying that England could not get along without people like himself, what the Queen had meant—if she had meant anything at all. England had plenty of first-class pilots in the R.A.F.

It was May, and a warm evening. He came to the National Gallery on the north side of Trafalgar Square and crossed the road, and stood for a time looking over the square at the corner of Canada House. There was a bus stop near him, and a long queue of white-faced, patient Londoners waiting to go home. He thought of the vigor and beauty of the people in similar bus queues in Brisbane and in Adelaide, comparing the tanned skins with the sallow, the upright carriage with the tired slouch. It wasn't the fault of these people that they looked white and

tired; hardships had made them so, and overwork, and the errors of dietary scientists who planned the rationing back in the 'forties and the 'fifties, when most of them were children. Badly treated people, out of luck, yet with a quality of greatness in them still, in spite of everything. No reason in all that why he should want to live with them, however.

He turned from them, and looked out over the Square, at the sheer beauty of the new buildings on the other side. The new Home Office between the Strand and Northumberland Avenue, the pillared white grace of the Ministry of Pensions at the head of Whitehall and Northumberland Avenue, the straight classic lines of the new Ministry of Fuel and Power at the end of Cockspur Street, still building but already visible through the steel scaffolding. These people were the greatest engineers, the greatest architects in the whole world, he felt, and now that housebuilding was at a standstill all the energy and talent of the building industry was concentrated on these marvellous public buildings, going on all over England. The new London, with its narrow streets and towering white palaces to house the civil servants, was fast becoming the most lovely city in the world, with



Second instalment of our serial by NEVIL SHUTE

Liverpool and Manchester not far behind. Sydney and Melbourne were shabby and old-fashioned in comparison, and Brisbane puerile, where house-building lagged far behind the migrants.

He turned and looked at the bus queue once again. It said in the papers that things in England were on the up-grade after many years now that the population had reduced by twenty-five per cent; there was a suggestion that next year a private citizen would be allowed to buy a motor car and petrol for his own use. It might be so, but looking at the bus queue David felt it inconceivable that these tired people would regain the careless rapture of Australians within his own lifetime. And yet from their poverty and hardships they produced these marvellous things, these shining palaces in London, these superb aeroplanes and aero engines. Their radio and television programmes were the admiration of the world. Australia had now nearly as many people and Australia was a happy and prosperous country, yet Australia did not produce one-tenth the marvels that came out of England. Perhaps prosperity itself became a hindrance to great creative genius; raised on the stock route, David

knew that if a cow became too fat it was difficult for her to get in calf.

He could not make up his mind. He hated these people for their lack of spirit, for their subservience to civil servants, for their outmoded political system of one man one vote that kept them in the chains of demagogues. He venerated them for their technical achievements. To spend three years or more in England would be like living in a home for incurables, but not to do so would be to miss an opportunity he might regret his whole life through. Difficult.

He thrust his hand down into his pocket, grinning a little with his brown face. There were three coins there, two pennies and a shilling. He pulled them out impulsively and slammed them down upon the granite parapet beside him, and withdrew his hand.

The Queen's head gleamed up at him from all three. There was an old one dated 1963 which showed the head of a young woman; the pennies, one of 1976 and one quite new of 1982, showed her middle-aged and mature. He stared down at them, smiling quietly; the omens were definite. He was glad it had turned out that way. He would not enjoy three years or more away from his own country, but it was impossible to put aside this job.

He swept the coins up into his pocket with a lean brown hand, and turned and walked back to the R.A.C. He stood in the telephone booth at the turn of the stairs and rang up the Group-Captain in St. James' Palace. "This is Nigger Anderson," he said. "I've thought this over, and I'll take the job if you still want me."

For the next few months Anderson did very little flying. Deliveries of the 316 could not begin until the prototype was through its trials, and actually it was four months after his appointment to the

Queen's Flight that David took delivery of the Australian machine. In the meantime, however, he found he had a good deal of work upon the ground to do. He consulted with Cox and his opposite number from Canada, a Wing-Commander Dewar, and they set up Canadian and Australian offices in the annexe to the hangar housing the Queen's Flight upon White Waltham aerodrome. David moved from Boscombe Down to a small flat over a shop in Maidenhead; it was one advantage of life in England that there was never any difficulty now in getting a house or a flat on easy tenancy and at a very low rent from the National Housing Bureau. He began a series of meetings with the Air Attache in Australia House to get together an aircrew. Then, with Cox and Dewar, he faced up to the problems of accountancy.

Here he found that they were breaking quite new ground. Hitherto all the expenses of the Queen's Flight had been passed by Cox straight to the Assistant Private Secretary, Major Dennis Macmahon, who had scrutinised them, queried anything that might seem relevant to him, and passed them for payment. Now a new system had to be thrashed out, separating the costs of the Canadian and the Australian machines from the basic organisational costs, and passing those to the High Commissioners for settlement; it was complicated by the fact that spares and fuel and oil were held in common for the Australian and Canadian machines, necessitating a complete revision of the rather simple system of accounting that had existed in the Queen's Flight up to date. These matters, with a number of others, were thrashed out at a full-dress meeting held in a conference room in St. James' Palace. It was decided that in principle accounts for each machine should still pass through the Secretaries' Office in Buckingham Palace for check against the Royal use of the machines, before the separate accounts were sent for payment to the High Commissioners. Within those terms of reference the officers concerned were left to settle the new system in its details.

"Gee," said Wing-Commander Dewar. "This thing'll drive me nuts."

"Too right," said Wing-Commander Anderson.

They had a meeting with Group-Captain Cox in Major Macmahon's office in Buckingham Palace. It was the first time that either Anderson or Dewar had been inside the Palace, and they were properly impressed, with a tendency to walk softly and to talk in a low tone of voice. The Assistant Private Secretary had a large, white-painted office looking out upon the Park on the north front; he greeted them cheerfully, and they settled down to business. He pressed a button on his desk, a buzzer sounded in the next room, and a girl came in, notebook and pencil in hand. "This is Miss Long," he said. The men got up and bowed. "She'll be handling the routine work of this thing when we've got a system going."

For an hour and a half they labored to design a system to deal with matters of accountancy that were simple to the Assistant Private Secretary and Miss Long, but seemed difficult and complicated to the officers. Finally they got it straightened out, and Macmahon told the girl to type a memorandum of the decisions and to circulate it; later he told her privately to make it very simple and to put it in a form that they could refer back to if they had forgotten what to do. The business finished, the three officers got up to go.

Macmahon held them in conversation for a few minutes, asking the Canadian and the Australian about their living accommodation; Dewar was married, and had taken a small house in Maidenhead. Anderson told the Secretary about his flat; then for a time they talked in general about the aircrews and their accommodation. Finally Macmahon said to David, "Got your boat yet?"

The pilot smiled. "I've had her about six weeks. I bought her a few days after we had dinner with Frank. I spend every week-end on her."

"Where do you keep her?"

"In the Hamble River—off Luke's yard." Miss Long asked, "What sort of boat is she, Commander Anderson?"

Macmahon said, "Rosemary's a great sailor."

The Australian turned to the girl with a new interest. "She's a Bermudian cutter, five and a half tons. She's pretty old; she was built in 'fifty-three. But she's quite sound still. A chap named Laurent Giles designed her."

The girl nodded. "He was a very good designer in his day." She paused in thought.

"You sail yourself?" he asked.

"Dinghies," she said. "International fourteen-footers. I've got a boat at Itchenor."

"Where's that?" he asked.

"Itchenor? It's in Chichester Harbor. I've done a bit of cruising with my uncle in a fifteen-tonner—I was out with him last week-end." She paused. "Your Laurent Giles five-tonner isn't painted blue, is she? Blue with tanned sails?"

"Why—yes," the Australian said. "She's called Nicolette. Do you know her?"

The girl smiled. "It wasn't you, by any chance, aground at the entrance to the Beaulieu River last Sunday?"

The Australian colored beneath his dark skin, and laughed self-consciously. "The leading marks are wrong," he said. "Did you see us?"

"We passed you, going out," she said. "Lots of people go on to that bank. You took the outer boom for the leading mark probably."

"I wasn't bothering," the pilot said. "Maybe that's what I did. I thought it was all deep water."

She smiled. "I hope you don't do that when you're flying."

"I haven't yet," said David dryly. "You only do that once."

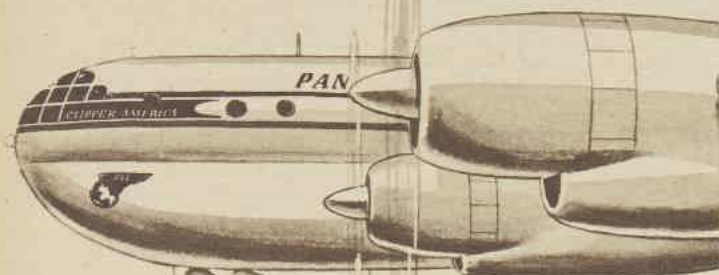
For the next few weeks the pilots moved between their base at White Waltham, the test establishment at Boscombe Down, and the works of the manufacturers at Hatfield. Two of the 316 aircraft, now known as the Ceres, had been set aside for the Queen's Flight, and these were to be furnished specially, of course. The quarters for the crew remained as standard; the passenger accommodation was remodelled to provide three small single cabins, each with a seat facing to the rear that turned into a full-length bed at night, a dining-room to seat six, and twelve reclining chairs of airline type for members of the Royal household travelling with the Queen. Accommodation was provided for a steward and a stewardess. The crew was to consist of the Captain of the Queen's Flight, the captain of the aircraft, a second pilot, two engineers, and two radio and radar officers.

All this gave the Canadian and Australian captains plenty to do without being overworked. David found that he could get away for most week-ends on Friday afternoon to drive down to his little yacht moored in the Hamble River. He generally went alone for these week-ends upon the Solent; he knew few people in England, and he did not cultivate the opportunities for social life that did occur. He was always quite happy in his boat alone and he preferred it so; from his boyhood he had been accustomed to the sea and boats and his five-tonner was no problem for him; he could manage her single-handed and the solitude gave him a sense of freedom. In England the sense of people pressing in on him from every side worried the Queenlander; alone in his small yacht at sea the pressure was relieved and he felt something of the spaciousness of his own country. His quarter aboriginal descent may have had something to do with this preference; whatever the cause was, David Anderson preferred to sail alone.

One Saturday morning in July he got up early at his moorings in the Hamble River and cooked his breakfast before seven o'clock. Like many Australian officers serving in England, he found it difficult to adjust his habits of eating to the English rationing, and he went to some considerable pains to secure food from home. That week a bomber on a training flight from Brisbane had brought him two hams, a hundred eggs packed in sawdust in a carton, and six pineapples; he had cooked one of the hams in his flat and so he breakfasted that day on ham and eggs. He got

To page 10

FLY "The President"
to London . . . via U.S.A.



World's largest, most dependable airliners



Your double-decked "Strato" Clipper* is powered by four giant engines . . . develops 14,000 horsepower! Its 4000-mile operating range is more than double the average non-stop flight! Two decks to explore (one 78 feet long!) . . . plenty of room to stroll around and stretch your legs.

Pan American was first to fly these dependable double-decked airliners—has been flying them for four years across the Pacific and Atlantic. That's experience you can rely on . . . flight performance you can trust.

...and world's most luxurious air travel

Aboard "The President" you enjoy superb hot meals prepared right in your Clipper galley. Complimentary Champagne. Sleeping accommodations for everyone free to the U.S.A. Luxurious club

lounge on the lower deck. Courteous service by three attendants.

For confirmed reservations, call your Travel Agent or nearest Pan American office.

Mezzanine Floor, Hotel Australia, Sydney. Phone BW 1591 or BW 4701

5th Floor, Bank of New South Wales Building, 368 Collins St., Melbourne. Phone M1185-6

1st AIRLINE TO FLY THE PACIFIC

World's Most
Experienced Airline

PAA
PAN AMERICAN



Pan American World Airways, Inc., Ltd., Incorporated in U.S.A.

*Trade-Mark, Pan American World Airways, Inc.

under way at about eight o'clock and sailed down Southampton Water past Calshot in a moderate south-westerly breeze, and turned westwards down the Solent with the tide. All morning he beat to the west in tacks; as the sun came up the breeze dropped light, but the tide ran stronger. By lunch-time he was past Hurst Castle heading out to sea. He hove-to off the Needles and had a lunch of ham sandwiches and fruit; then for a couple of hours he cruised up and down the steep cliffs to the southwards of the Needles fishing for mackerel. He caught three and gave up, having no use for more, and turned into the Solent again on the flowing tide and made for the small town of Yarmouth for the night.

In that fine summer weather Yarmouth was full of yachts moored bow and stern two and three deep to the many piles within the harbor. The harbor-master in a dinghy showed David a berth and took his warp to help him to make fast; in a quarter of an hour everything was snug. He launched his dinghy from the cabin top and put her astern, and then sat in the cockpit for a time, resting and watching the pageant of the vessels as he smoked. England, he reflected, still led the Commonwealth in the design of little yachts, as in most other techniques.

A girl in a thin shirt and abbreviated shorts rowed down the line of vessels in a dinghy, and rested on her oars opposite Nicolette. "Hullo, Commander Anderson," she said quietly.

He stared at her in surprise, and realised that it was Miss Long, in different attire to that which she wore in the Palace. He got to his feet. "Hullo, Miss Long," he exclaimed. "I didn't recognise you."

"I saw you come in," she said. "I'm with my uncle in the outer tier—the black yawl over there. The one with the R.N.S.A. burgee."

"Have you been here long?" "We got in about half an hour before you did. We've just been messing about in the Solent. My uncle's got a mooring in the Beaulieu River—he lives at Bucklers Hard."

"I came down from the Hamble this morning," David said. "I took the tide down to the Needles and caught a few mackerel and came back here. Would you like to come aboard?"

She smiled. "I'd love to see your boat." She gave a couple of strokes, shipped her oars, and laid the dinghy gently alongside; taking the painter she stepped on to the counter and made her boat fast. Then she came down into the cockpit and peered down into the saloon. "She's very neat," she said. She glanced around the deck. "I like your winches." She fingered the rope knotting on the tiller head. "Did you do this Turk's head thing yourself?"

He grinned. "I got a book on it. I did that last week-end. The first one that I did came off."

"I couldn't do a thing like that," she said. "I can do ordinary splicing, but not the ornamental stuff."

He reached into the saloon and produced a packet of cigarettes and gave her one. Together they sat smoking in the cockpit, watching the pageant of the yachts and the bustle of the little harbor. "It's a pretty place, this," he said. "As pretty a little harbor as I've seen."

"I love it," she said. "We often come here. Do you have this sort of harbor for yachts in Australia?"

"Not quite the same," he said. "You do in Tasmania. But the coast of Australia

hasn't got the same number of inlets—you've got to go further between harbors. It's not quite the same as it is here—you don't get so much small yacht cruising there, Miss Long."

"Where did you learn your sailing then, Commander?"

He smiled. "I was in a place called Townsville when I was a boy," he said. "That's on the coast of Queensland. I went there when I was twelve years old to work in a shop, delivering the groceries. I used to go sailing a lot at Townsville, out to Magnetic Island and the Barrier Reef, in all sorts of old wrecks. That was before I went into the R.A.A.F." He paused. "I've had several boats at one time or another. I had an old Dragon before coming to England, when I was at Laver-ton."

"Have you ever done any ocean racing?" she asked.

"I sailed in the Hobart Race two years, in a boat called Stormy Petrel," he said. "We didn't do any good, but it was fun. It takes about six days usually—Sydney to Hobart."

She smiled. "Hard work?"

"Too right," he said. "You get a lot of gales down there, without much warning." He paused. "Will you have a cup of tea, Miss Long—or a glass of sherry?"

"Sherry's easier," she said. "I'd love a glass of sherry." She hesitated, and then said, "The name's Rosemary."

"I'll remember."

"Yours is David, isn't it?"

HE went down into the saloon and found the bottle and the glasses, and passed them up to her with an open tin of tomato juice. "I've got a cake, or I've got a pineapple," he said. "Which would you rather have?"

"A pineapple!" she exclaimed. "Wherever did you get that from?"

"Brisbane," he said. He grinned up at her from the saloon. "The R.A.A.F. do what they can for officers who have to come to England. I've got a ham here, too."

"Not a whole ham?"

"I'm afraid so. I keep it tucked away in greaseproof paper in case I get murdered for it."

"I haven't seen a pineapple for years," she said. "I'd like a bit of pineapple with my sherry if you can spare it, David."

He cut a round off the pineapple on the cabin table. "David's the name," he said. "But most people call me Nigger. Nigger Anderson." He passed the pineapple up to her in the cockpit on a plate, with a bowl of sugar and a knife and fork.

"Why do they call you that?" she asked.

"Because my mother was a half-caste," he replied. "I'm a quadroon." He climbed out into the cockpit and filled her glass with the sherry and his own with the tomato juice. He raised his to her. "Here's to the black and white."

"It's pretty mean to call you that," she said. "Not many people do that, do they?"

"Everybody," he said cheerfully. "Everybody calls me Nigger Anderson. I rather like it." "I can see that you put up with it," she said quietly. "I can't believe you like it."

"Well, I do," he said. "I don't know much about the white side of my family, but on the black side I'm an older Australian than any of them. My grandmother's tribe were the Kanyu, and they ruled the

Cape York Peninsula before Captain Cook was born or thought of."

She smiled. "And Wing-Commander Anderson doesn't give a damn who knows about it."

"That's right," he said. "I don't. I'd rather people called me Nigger Anderson than that they were creeping round the subject trying to avoid it."

"I see you're big enough to carry it now without it hurting," she said. "It must have hurt a bit when you were younger. Or didn't they do it then?"

"I used to fight them if they said it to hurt," he replied. "I suppose I was rather a tough little boy. I was brought up on the station, because my Dad was a stockman. I could rope a steer from horseback when I was ten, and I won a prize at the Crocydon rodeo when I was twelve for staying on a bullock. I don't remember fighting very much, but when I did I think I generally won."

She said, "What does it mean, to rope a steer? It sounds like something on the movies."

"It's when you're mustering," he said. "To brand the calves, and mark them. You drive a mob of three or four hundred into a stockyard built at the station or out in the bush if it's a big place that has several, then a couple of you go in among them on horseback and chuck a rope lasso over the head of the one you want. The other end of the rope is made fast to a horn on the saddle, and you fight him with the horse and tow him out of the mob to the branding posts, and there the stockmen grab him and throw him to be branded. It's easy enough when you know the knack of it, but you want a good, steady horse."

She stared at him. "Do you mean to say that you were doing that when you were ten?"

"That's right," he said. "With little steers—not full-grown beasts. My Dad was head stockman on Tavistock Forest, and he taught me."

"But however old were you when you learnt to ride a horse?"

"Three or four, I suppose," he said. "Dad told me once that he thought a boy shouldn't ride alone before he's five because if he fell it might put him off it, but I was riding much sooner than that. I don't think I could mount a horse alone before I was about seven, though, because of reaching the stirrup."

She said curiously, "Did you go to school at all?"

"Not what you'd call school," he replied. "Mrs. Beeman used to teach us—she was the manager's wife, and she'd been a teacher before she married. She had a class for all the kids on the station. I was up to average when I went to Townsville, I think. They had evening classes there—I went to those."

She sat in silence for a minute, looking at the familiar harbor scene, the crowded yachts. What he had told her all seemed very strange and foreign. "How are you liking England?" she said at last. "It must be very different to Australia."

"It's different," he said. "But Australia isn't all cattle stations and horses, you know. I left the Gulf Country when I was twelve and I've not been back since, except for six months in the R.A.A.F. at Invergarry. It's over ten years since I was astride a horse."

"Are you liking it over here?" she asked again.

He smiled. "Not very much. The job's a bonza one—I wouldn't give that up. But one

To page 37

You asked us to **COMBINE THEM** so we have!
A QUICK-FREEZER and a REFRIGERATOR

all in the ONE exciting cabinet.



1. MOIST-COLD REFRIGERATOR FOR DAILY FOODS

We asked housewives by the thousand to tell us of their food storage problems... and then we put our designers and engineers to work. Now it is ready for you — the Flashfreeze "FREEZ-R-ATOR" Combination Model. This exciting addition to the famous Flashfreeze range has been specially produced for the housewife who asks: "Which should I buy first—my freezer or my refrigerator?" In the new "FREEZ-R-ATOR" you get BOTH — for an astoundingly low price!

The Refrigerator Section keeps your daily food requirements — your milk, butter, cheese, greens — even Dad's precious beer quota — delightfully cold and moist. What more could you ask of a refrigerator!

Here is the heart of your Flashfreeze
THE SEALED UNIT

2. EXCLUSIVE FLASHFREEZING COMPARTMENT

The vital purpose of this sub-zero compartment is to freeze foods quickly, for experts agree that quick freezing is essential to maintain food nutriment. The atmosphere here is Arctic cold... 50° colder than in the ordinary refrigerator! You freeze food in a flash — colour, taste, texture, and nutritive content are all captured and held. Only Flashfreeze home freezers are equipped with this essential separate Flashfreezing compartment.

3. MONEY-SAVING SEASON-TO-SEASON FROZEN STORAGE

Here, foods of every conceivable variety will keep table-fresh and nutritious for months: meat, fish, poultry, vegetables, soups, stews, juices, ice cream, scones, cakes, savouries, holiday bread—even pre-cut school lunches.

Buying foods at "glut" prices, and Flashfreezing in bulk, completely repays the cost of your unit — ends the daily shopping drudgery! Mail coupon for fascinating Flashfreeze booklet!

COUNTRY MODELS AVAILABLE
 for all farm lighting plants
 as well as **ENGINE DRIVEN** models



Costs little more
 THAN A MODERN REFRIGERATOR!

Flashfreeze FREEZ-R-ATOR

Manufactured by JORGENSEN BROS. LIMITED in the largest factory in Australia exclusively producing Quick Freezers for Homes, Farms, and Industries. ★ Trade Enquiries Invited.

SEND FOR **FREE** 16 PAGE FLASHFREEZE BOOKLET

TO: Freezer Information Bureau,
 Jorgensen Bros. Limited,
 199 Burwood Road,
 BURWOOD, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
 Please mail me, free and post-free, your informative 16-page colour folder explaining the advantages of Flashfreezing and illustrating all models. This places me under no obligation to purchase.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

*FOOD RETAILERS! Write for details of FLASHFREEZE MERCHANDISER MODELS.

W.W. 10.6.53



10 Cubic Foot
 Combination Model
£275
 Extra for country and interstate
TERMS ARRANGED

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET AND DETAILS OF NEAREST RETAILER



Tonight let GEMEY

bring you this
double
Enchantment

Pearl smooth radiance!
Bewitching fragrance!

Glorious Gemey Face Powder gives you the perfect make-up combination . . . its silk-sifted fineness conceals minute complexion flaws in a satiny, soft veil of pearl-smooth fragrance . . . its bewitching, irresistible fragrance says 'you're lovely'.

Seven heavenly Gemey shades . . . to stay fresh and fragrant long after ordinary powders have wilted, streaked or caked. Choose yours today—at all chemists and selected department stores.

Your very first make-up with fragrant Gemey Face Powder will prove how beautifully effective this Double Enchantment can be for you!

Gemey
face powder
and talc

GEMEY TALC . . . lighter, lovelier
superfine elegance to complete your
enchantment all over. Fragrantly
harmonised to your Gemey Face Powder.
Use it freely as a gracious beginning
to your daily grooming.

Creation of **Richard Hudnut**
NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, SYDNEY
G31.102

Your guests will love
HOT CHOCOLATE



SIMPLY SPRINKLE Cadbury's
Drinking Chocolate on hot
milk (or milk and water) for a
deliciously different, exciting sup-
per drink that has a fascinating
flavour all its own. Use two
teaspoonfuls for each cup. You'll
love the rich, chocolaty flavour
of Cadbury's Drinking Choco-
late. Half Pound Packet 2/-.

Made in a minute—right in the cup.

CADBURY'S
**DRINKING
CHOCOLATE**



THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND

• This issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly* coincides with the Duke of Edinburgh's birthday, June 10. To celebrate it we publish the first instalment of a two-part memoir by Victor Thompson



PRINCE PHILIP, aged three (left). This picture was taken in Paris in 1924 and is signed by the Duke's mother, Princess Andrew of Greece.



RESEMBLANCE between the Duke of Edinburgh and his daughter, Princess Anne, is noticeable in this picture of Philip, taken in July, 1922, when he was one year old.



AWKWARD AGE. The Duke's increasing good looks are evident despite boyish awkwardness and costume for a production of Macbeth during his schooldays.

AROUND the misty Moray Firth, on Scotland's jagged east coast, the shopkeepers and fishermen have many tales to tell of the fair-haired boy who went to school at Gordonstoun, five miles from Elgin, and who is to-day the Queen's husband.

They tell how he used to cheek Sandy Mackenzie, the grocer; how he sometimes helped the blacksmith; how he teased the baker by making squeaks with his thumb on the bakery window; how Jimmy Black, the barber, once kicked his bottom for naughtiness.

SOME other stories they tell have plainly grown with the years. By careful checking I have established, for example, that he (a) never had a knuckle-fight with a young fisherman at Burghead and (b) never ran away for three days and lived in the open.

All these tales are told, and improved as time goes on; but on one matter all the people who knew him in those days agree firmly, without embellishment: the boy's over-riding passion for sailing and salt water.

Alec Findlay, 30 years a boat-builder, says: "Always in my yard he was, wanting to know how and why, and messing about with ropes."

Daniel Main, fisherman, says: "At sea he took his turn with the rest of us. Never seasick like some of the other lads."

Well, then, I have for this series of articles travelled in the trail of the Duke for more than 6000 miles—from Scotland to Malta, from ward-rooms to country pubs, from mansions to cottages, and at the end I feel that the child he was is certainly the father of the man he is.

If I had to describe him in a sentence, to put my finger on the chief strand in the complex pattern on his character, I would say: "He is a man of the sea, and particularly a man of the Royal Navy."

He even has the Navy's gift of complete abandonment to fun, and often boisterous fun, when work is done.

Nobody put the idea of a naval career into his head, not even his Uncle Dickie (that famous sailor Admiral Earl Mountbatten). He chose it for himself, in preference to easier paths he could have followed.

His headmaster at Gordonstoun—and I must certainly dwell a little on that remarkable man later—feared when Philip went to stay for a while in 1936 with his cousin, the King of Greece, that a courtier's life might attract him.

After all, the boy was sixth in line to the Greek throne, although he had no Greek blood in him. (He is descended from Queen Victoria and from Christian IX of Denmark. The Greek Royal Family was of Danish descent.)

But no: the lad came back

bent on a career in the Royal Navy. He had a largely British upbringing and he felt British.

At sea, that he was first-class in his chosen career is undeniable. It is always nice for ordinary folk to find flaws in the famous, but, if there were any in Philip the naval man, they were too small to be noticed by his shipmates, of whom I have spoken to at least 40.

Twelve reports have been made on him by commanding officers since he first sailed as a midshipman in 1940.

I am not supposed to know the contents, but I can tell you that every one uses some such phrase as "exceptionally able" or "outstanding."

No, there is absolutely no question of favoritism.

As a very celebrated admiral said to me on this subject: "We've got a kind of inverted snobbery in the Royal Navy that makes us inclined to be down on titled officers or ones with famous names."

By VICTOR THOMPSON

I heard all this about the Duke, and, still perhaps searching for flaws, I thought, "Ah, but this is all what other officers think of him. What about the men?"

In Malta I found a score of ratings who had served under him and what they said can be summarised by one of them.

"He made us work like dogs, but he treated us like gentlemen."

I found at Portsmouth, too, the same kind of story.

When, for example, he was at the naval gunnery school there he was invited by the men to join the First Eleven soccer team—a tribute even more to his friendly personality than to his sporting skill.

These testimonials, it seems to me, are as good in their way as those in the admiral's reports.

Back we go to Gordonstoun School, near the misty Moray Firth.

One day in 1936, when 15-year-old Prince Philip was down in the harbor "mucking about with boats" as usual, the headmaster sat in his study wondering what comment to add to the lad's end-of-term report.

He remembered Philip's weakness for getting out of the class-room window when a master's back was turned. He recalled all the horseplay and the cheek.

He smiled and wrote: "Often naughty, never nasty."

At school he was

...“Often naughty, never nasty”

TO-DAY the boy is a man of just 32. The Royal Navy has discouraged some of the naughtiness, and no man is all nice. But make it “occasionally naughty, rarely nasty,” and the judgment still seems pretty shrewd to-day.

Naughty? I have heard many stories, some of them undoubtedly apocryphal, but others circumstantial enough to indicate that he has been, even if not now, what the ratings in his old frigate *Magpie* described to me as “quite a boy.”

I have heard, in London, how the police came to a West End luncheon club to find who was throwing the fireworks out of the window—and found it was Lieutenant Mountbatten.

I have heard in Wiltshire of the harum-scarum parties that used to be held when he was an instructor at Corsham's school for petty-officers.

And at Buckingham Palace once or twice the late King George VI told him off for high spirits at inappropriate moments.

On the other hand, his later shipmates tell how, in ward-rooms and other cheerful places, he would abruptly withdraw from the fun to sit for a few minutes alone—“pumping himself up,” as it was called—before going on to some public ceremony and displaying the utmost interest in, say, an exhibition of dairy machinery.

(The reverse technique, after the ceremony was over, was called “de-pumping.”)

How about nasty? Well, either his friends are singularly loyal or there have been only a few examples of sourness.

One was towards the end of the Royal tour of Canada. He snapped at three people that day and, when finally told he had “brushed off” a most worthy individual, shrugged and said, “Oh, well. I guess it's just not my day.”

There have been some grumbles in the Royal Household because he wants to run his part of it as if it were a destroyer and is tart-tongued with those who don't do things his way.

But the headmaster's verdict still holds.

The man who gave it is Dr. Kurt Hahn. After the Royal Navy, he has been the chief influence in the Duke's young life.

Hahn laid down these rules:

- Pupils must learn self-effacement in the common cause.
- They must not make games too important.
- They must learn to lose well.
- Their imagination must be trained—partly by periods of silence.
- Sons of the rich and powerful must be freed from the enervating sense of privilege.

At Gordonstoun School he set the boys not only to learn from books but to find out about the people and things around them.

Philip's rank at that time was something of a handicap to him. Both at his prep. school at Cheam and at Gordonstoun the other boys would sometimes tease him about it.

Also, when he was down in the harbor tourists would sometimes interrupt his boat-building to ask for his autograph.

He signed one or two of them “Stanley Baldwin.”

When he left Gordonstoun at the age of 13, he was moulded in the Hahn pattern. He was head boy of the school and captain of cricket and hockey.

His school work showed skill in mathematics and geography and weakness in Latin and Greek.

Other boys leaving school went home for a while. Not Philip, because he had never had a home as you and I understand the term.

He was born on the island of Corfu, off the coast of Albania, on June 10, 1921.

His father, who died in 1944, was Prince Andrew, exiled by the revolutionary group which seized power after Turkey's victory over the Greek Army.

His mother, born Princess Alice, daughter of the first Marquess of Milford Haven, now lives in seclusion just outside Athens, where, habited as a nun, she runs a school for nurses and does all her own housekeeping.

The exiled family lived in Paris for a while (the Princess opened a fine-art shop

there), and as soon as Philip was old enough (nine) he went to Cheam Preparatory School, near Newbury.

Holidays from there and Gordonstoun were spent either with his grandmother (the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven) or—after his sisters were married—with them in Germany.

Sometimes his uncle, then Lord Louis Mountbatten, would be in the Milford Haven party.

The Duke cultivated the Mountbatten full-tilt approach to work and play; even caught something of the Mountbatten enthusiasm for gadgets and inventions (which has earned for the Admiral in the Navy the fond title of “Batty Mount Louis”).

Tall, fair, and smiling, the Duke has always attracted women's eyes—and certainly in his bachelor days he used to look back into them.

Even on the Canadian tour, when a young matron at a formal reception loudly said, “Mm-mm!” when he entered the room, he looked round, saw she was pretty, and replied, “Mm-MMM!”

But when he was a lad the Duke regarded all females with scorn. Hardly one of them knew anything about boats, to start with.

At some of the parties he could not avoid he almost certainly met his future wife, but neither of them can remember their very first encounter.

All they can recall to-day is that when he was 18 and she 13 they met several times—and she thought him rather humptious, and he thought her rather beneath the interest of a full-blown midshipman.

To-day the Duke is almost as racy a conversationalist as Lord Mountbatten, although the Duke—like the Queen—admits to being “scared stiff” on official occasions and shy of meeting new people.

The Duke's speech-making is as good as his private conversation.

Everybody remembers the inaugural address he gave as president of the British Association in March, 1951. It was so full of scientific technicalities that many believed it had been written for him.

They told me in the ward-room of the frigate *Magpie*, his first naval command, how



THE PRINCE gives a smart salute wearing a souvenired Digger's hat aboard H.M.S. *Falant* when the ship was returning to England from Australia during World War II.

he worked for weeks on that speech while at sea.

When he had polished the material to his own satisfaction, he sent copies to various scientists and asked for criticisms, corrections, and comments. Receiving these, he wrote the whole thing again.

“We all had to talk, to live, and practically to eat that speech,” said one of his old shipmates.

“When Philip gets his teeth into something, he can't think of anything else.”

On lesser occasions the Duke will often speak extemporaneously, or at most from a few scribbled notes.

This ability to think fast on his feet was learned, or at least greatly developed, when he was an instructor at H.M.S. Royal Arthur, the “landship” at Corsham, Wilt.

At Corsham he was just another young naval officer—and he was as hard-up as most young naval officers are when forced to live ashore.

He did all his own car repairs. At the kiddies matches he drank only the cheapest beer.

Some evenings towards the end of his spell at Corsham he would make a long-distance telephone call.

There was a good deal of speculation about those calls—and the whisper spread that Philip was courting. The calls were to Buckingham Palace.

● **NEXT WEEK:** The carefree bridegroom becomes the responsible husband of the Queen.



BEARDED LIEUTENANT Mountbatten on leave in London in 1944. He saw war service in three zones.



KEEN ON THE NAVY since boyhood, Prince Philip spent his spare time sailing and tinkering with boats. Here (centre) he and two schoolfellows paint the Gordonstoun School boat.



KURT HAHN, headmaster of Gordonstoun School, who greatly influenced the Duke's character.



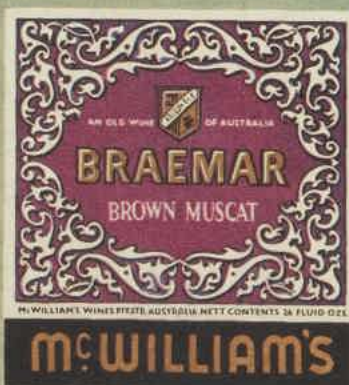
NEPHEW AND UNCLE. The then Lieutenant Mountbatten farewells his uncle, Viscount Mountbatten, in 1947, when the latter left England to take up office as Viceroy of India. The two men are much alike.

McWILLIAM'S

Wines

McWilliam's brings you fully matured
wines of matchless bouquet and flavour,
wines you are proud to serve your guests
and happy to drink yourself.

*Australia's
Choicest Vintages*



Obtainable wherever wine is sold.

Worth Reporting

AN attractive new series of postage stamps has been issued by the South Pacific Condominium of the New Hebrides.

("Condominium" in this case means joint government by Britain and France.)

Sent to us by the Condominium postmaster at Vila, the stamps came addressed to The Stamp Editor.

As with all previous New Hebridean issues, there are two series of stamps—one with French words and the other with English. The word "Condominium" appears at the top of the stamp in both sets, and either "Nouvelle Hebrides" or "New Hebrides" at the bottom.

One of the designs shows two native fishing craft, another a single native engaged in handiwork, and the third depicts two armed natives.

AN Australian walking along New York's fashionable Fifth Avenue this month was stopped dead in his tracks by a card in a furrier's window. The neatly printed sign propped beneath a "mouton" coat of Australian sheepskin read proudly: "Pure Anzac!"

Man of many jobs

THE name of Louis H. Clark on the title page of a recently published book of verse, "Men, Clay, and Courage," immediately aroused our interest.

During the war years Clark's first book of collected verse, "Romance and Reality," was published by a company formed for that purpose by his A.I.F. unit mates.

Later Clark was selected to tour Bougainville with the Gracie Fields show, delivering an original monologue. He also won fame with his pet dog.

Since his discharge from the Army, Clark, who is now only 30, has been, in turn, milkman, baker, insurance man, miner, ambulance man, canvasser, postman, confectioner, librarian, street photographer, clerk, factory hand, and salesman.

Two years ago Clark found the job he liked, as a male nurse at Austin Hospital, Heidelberg, Victoria, where he has remained since.

He divides his days off between mining at his bush shack 14 miles from Heidelberg and long-distance running.



"I don't know what to do about Harry—I've told him I'm through with him, but he keeps right on taking me out."

Knowledge worth more than money

THIRTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Sydney A.B.C. studio attendant Ken Neville, who wrote the script for the two microgroove Australian animal story recordings, "Tales from the Dream Times," originally heard the stories from his father, an Englishman.

Mr. Neville's interest in aborigines and Australian animal life dated from his first years in this country when, as a mounted policeman, he worked with black-trackers in the outback.

Later, after practising as a dentist at Darlinghurst, Sydney, Mr. Neville went to live in the stone convict-built house at Singleton, N.S.W., where Ken Neville and his brothers and sisters were born.

There, Ken Neville says, his father used to harness his horse once a week, and drive in his highly polished dogcart out to an aboriginal settlement.

"My father used to treat the dark people in their own humpies," said Ken. "He never asked for money for his work—it was just his way of doing something for humanity."

"What he did bring back was an intimate knowledge of native folklore, fascinating stories about the creatures of the bushland—something far more valuable than money."

Some of these stories, presented with music, are being heard again by Australian and American children in "Tales from the Dream Times."

The machine for the recordings was set up in a disused Sydney church more than a hundred years old. Its high stone walls lend an echo, eerie and appropriate, to the retelling of these ancient tales.

Misunderstood goddesses

WOMEN had been misunderstood since 585 A.D., a woman told a group of American advertising men. Her topic was "What Men Don't Know About Women."

Even goddesses were misunderstood, the speaker maintained, and men deified and worshipped them for no other reason than that they couldn't figure them out.

The next move in the historical misunderstanding of the female sex was when men took the ladies off their pedestals, and came to the conclusion that if they weren't goddesses they must be witches.

During the time of the Crusades the relationship between men and women was rather more what it ought to be. But then the pendulum swung the other way, and men forced so many virtues on women that they finished up classifying all nice ones as prudish and all others as "bad."

This misunderstanding was quite unnecessary, the speaker said, because if they really wanted to men could understand women just as easily as they could understand a diesel engine.

Any woman would be the woman she's supposed to be, if she were given admiration, prestige, economic and emotional security, and was met with sincerity.

She concluded, in case any of her listeners might accuse her of spinsterish frustration: "I'm not condemning men, you understand. I'm married to one."

NOVEL furniture which can be taken to pieces and put together again has been designed for bachelor flats by a Melbourne firm.

The idea is that the flat-dweller can "ring the changes" by using various pieces of furniture in turn, storing the rest in a very small space. Tables, chairs, and even mantelpieces are included in the range.

A small coffee-table is of clear glass, with detachable wooden legs and a rounded handle similar to the top of a shooting-stick. When legs and handle are unscrewed, the table packs into a flat container smaller than the average dress-box.

LOOK AT YOUR SKIN... OTHERS DO!



Help skin blemishes disappear with
REXONA SOAP

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you *can* clear up blemishes with REXONA SOAP because it is specially medicated with Cadyl* to restore skin to natural loveliness. Give baby's precious skin the gentle, safe protection of pure, mild REXONA soap too.

* Cadyl is a fragrant blend of five rare beauty oils, exclusive to REXONA Soap. REXONA's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



SPECIALLY MEDICATED FOR SKIN CARE

K.119.WW73g

WHICH TOOTHPASTE GETS TEETH WHITEST?



PEP-SO-DENT

Only Pepsodent contains Irium to get rid of **FILM**

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel the Film? Film builds continuously on everyone's teeth, clouding the natural whiteness, assisting decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, the special film removing ingredient. And Pepsodent does not contain harsh abrasives—its extra cleaning power is gentle cleaning power.

BUY THE BIG, NEW ECONOMY TUBE—plenty for all the family



With the exclusive peppermint flavour

PL96.WW73g

Page 15

MOTHER



"Whatever you're doing, DON'T."

BUTCH



"I don't see how a burglar can possibly estimate his income tax a full year ahead."



CONTRASTS IN CRAFT as holiday-makers set out for Bowen Island, Jervis Bay, in the Viking, with warships anchored in the background. Good fishing grounds abound off the island, a favorite picnic spot.

Jervis Bay may become a naval base again



GOOD CATCH. Gloria Spees, of Turramurra, Sydney, with some fine snapper she has caught. With Gloria is Wal Kelly, of Jervis Bay, who knows the good fishing spots and local tricks of trade.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS at Jervis Bay, on the South Coast of N.S.W., are sometimes unofficial observers at naval exercises; their casual clothes in contrast to uniforms, and their lazy holiday mood to naval discipline.

Heavy cruisers, workmanlike destroyers, bobbing mine-sweepers, and sleek submarines may appear overnight in the bay, which is the biggest sheltered deepwater anchorage on the N.S.W. coast.

Although the Naval College was removed from there to Flinders, Victoria, for reasons of economy in 1930, the Navy has continued to use the bay for anchorage and the area for naval exercises.

So carefree crowds of holiday-makers have the added excitement of the presence of warships while they live at what was once the Naval College, and, if the Navy has its way, will be again.

Since World War II, the bay has been used for the unloading of aircraft, the disembarkation of crews, and the unloading of stores of the aircraft-carriers Sydney and Glory.

During the war, too, the stately liners Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, acting as troopships, anchored there awaiting convoy.

The R.A.N. air station H.M.A.S. Albatross is in the vicinity and the Australian Joint Anti-Submarine School is established at Nowra, rail town for Jervis Bay.

Ships from the New Zealand Squadron, the Dutch, Pakistan, Royal Indian, and Canadian Navies, together with R.A.N. ships, were based at Jervis Bay for exercises at Jubilee time in 1951.

THE bay's startlingly white sands, profusion of shells, and air of cosy seclusion make it a favorite with holidaymakers.

Its attractions include tennis on communal courts, free golf, swimming, good walks, and splendid fishing.

A permanent population of about 200 people is mostly engaged in catering for the 50,000 holidaymakers it is claimed go there each year.

Guests at the two hotels live in the former wardroom and officers' mess. The former cadets' mess is the picture show. The seamen's recreation quarters are now a cafe, as is the quartermaster's store.

The square mile that contains the present guest houses and hotels is still known as Captain's Point.

Should the blue-clad cadets and the grey ships take over again, the four big guest houses will probably shed their holiday dress and take on the trim rig of seamen's quarters, barracks, and captain's house.

Jervis Bay was intended as the seaport for Canberra, and may one day fill this role. Even now it has something of the Federal Territory

PARADE GROUND of the former Naval College, which serves as a sports area for guest houses. In the background is the "Quarter Deck," convalescent home for patients from Repatriation Hospitals.



Jervis Bay Naval College, now an assortment of hotels, guest houses, cafes, and Government departments, will probably shortly resume its original function of a training school for midshipmen.

atmosphere, with the Department of the Interior and the Department of Works using the old administrative block of the college.

The gymnasium and class-rooms used as a rehabilitation centre for ex-servicemen during the war are now occupied by the Department of Social Services, performing a similar office for physically handicapped civilians.

The Department does not share fears of dispossession with local commercial interests. Within the next 12 months work now carried out at Jervis Bay will be transferred to Mount Wilga, near Sydney.

Officers who trained at Jervis Bay would like to see the college in its old setting for many reasons. One is a very practical one—the presence of warships for exercises would enable cadet midshipmen to go to sea for short periods as part of their four years' training.

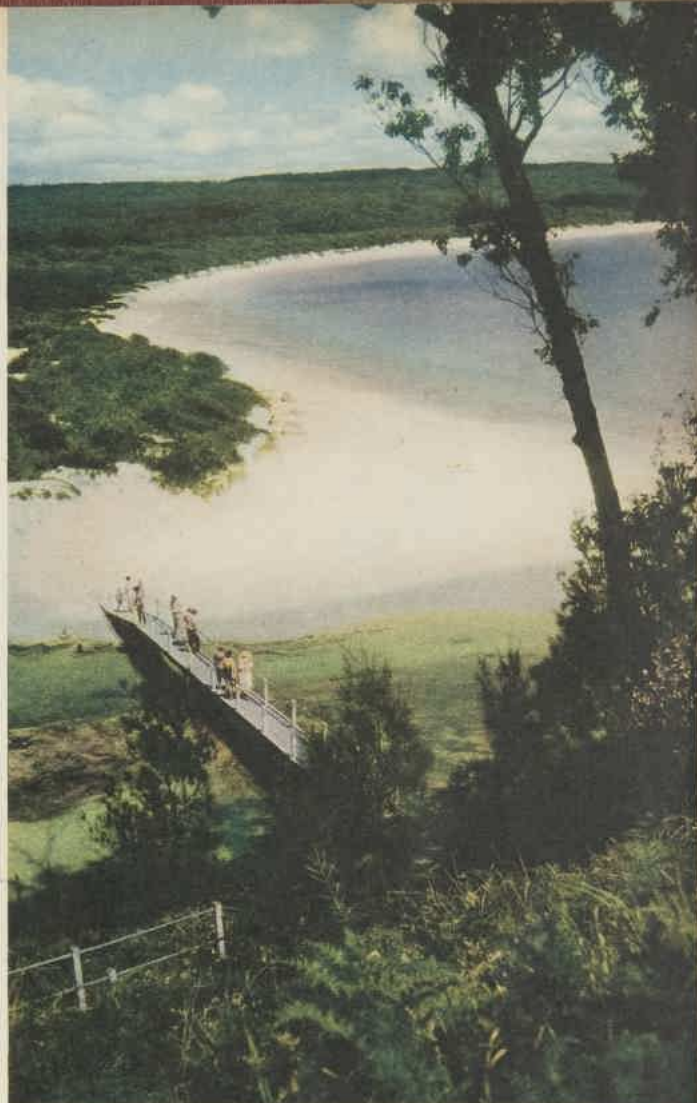
As well, its isolation as a community appeals strongly to the authorities, who like to see the boys go through their training with as little outside distraction as possible.

The climate of Jervis Bay, too, is milder than that of Flinders, allowing greater opportunity for outdoor sports and recreation in the winter, as well as making training conditions easier.

The South Coast of New South Wales is liberally provided with beauty spots and fishing grounds, and should the Navy reoccupy the Jervis Bay site, then townships such as Shellharbour, Huskisson, and Sawsex Inlet will benefit.



BOLE IN THE WALL. Popular fishing spot at Jervis Bay. The rock formation from which it gets its name frames the Viking making for Bowen Island. Right: Bush-fringed shores and white beaches add to the beauty of the sweep of water.



GOLF IS FREE. The Jervis Bay golf links are maintained by the Navy for its members, and holiday-makers are welcomed on the course, with its background of lush coastal bush. Many a hard-fought match is played between visitors and Navy men in the tourist season.



BEGINNERS AT FISHING don't need much luck at Jervis Bay. Guided by the fishermen of the district, most people come back with impressive hauls of snapper after a day's outing.

London welcomes our Contest winner



FAREWELL KISS. Two excited little boys, Ken (left) and Dennis (right) Johnson, climb up the barrier at Kingsford Smith Airport to be the last to kiss their radiant mother, Mrs. Mary Johnson, as she and her husband, Barry, go to the waiting plane.

Eager to see Coronation city after thrilling plane trip

By PATRICIA ROLFE, of our London staff

When Mr. and Mrs. Barry Johnson touched down at London airport they eagerly accepted an invitation to see something of the City right away.

The trip — the first leg of a round-the-world flight — is Mrs. Johnson's prize as winner of The Australian Women's Weekly Coronation Contest.

WITH her husband she flew by Qantas to London to see the crowning of Queen Elizabeth, to take part in the exciting round of festivities, and to see some of the most beautiful and interesting sights England has to offer.

Immediately on their arrival they cabbed back home to their four children in West Ryde, N.S.W.

They were tired, but not too tired to drive in to the City and take a look at the decorations.

London seemed to turn on a special welcome for them. The first really warm day of summer was softening into

twilight as they drove through the crowded streets.

The trip from the airport to the City was a time of remembrance for London-born Mr. Johnson, who was seeing his home town for the first time in 23 years.

It brought exclamations of surprise and delight from Mary Johnson, who is Scottish-born and who sailed for Australia from London when she was 11, but remembers nothing of it.

"There's a London bus," she exclaimed. "Now I know I'm really here."

"And look at all the houses without verandahs. So different from home!"

"And there's a man in a cap," her husband said. "My

father has been in Australia only four years and he still wears his cap, so everyone knows he's English."

"And that's a real English pub. You must see the inside of one of those some time."

Then he began to read off the signs on direction posts.

"Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, Kensington. Gee," he said. "Home again."

"I thought you said your home was Australia now," Mary pointed out, laughing.

"Well, I've got an Australian passport," he said.

"I am still Scottish, you're English, and we've four Australian children," Mary said.

"I think it all depends on who wins the toss," Barry said, his mind—as many people's minds are at present—on cricket.

One of the big events on the Johnsons' programme is to go to Nottingham on June 11 for the opening of the first Test.

"When we go to the cricket at home," Barry said, "our son Ken barracks for the Australians, and I'm all for the English, but I don't quite know how I shall feel over here."

The Johnsons drove past Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey, went up the Mall, and round Pall Mall, where their seats were booked for the Coronation procession.

They strolled through St. James' Park admiring the flowers and the calm beauty of the artificial lake with its swans.

Mrs. Johnson was wearing a grey bolero suit with a



ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND. Mary and Barry Johnson pause at the top of the plane steps for photographers. Qantas officials said they had never seen such a large crowd gathered at Mascot airport, Sydney, to farewell passengers travelling in a private capacity.

small, extremely smart black hat and black accessories.

They were still full of excitement about the plane trip, the cities they had seen, and the people they had met.

Singapore, they said, had made more elaborate preparation to celebrate the Coronation than Sydney. One building there was decorated with a crown with four thousand lights.

The Johnsons had written to their children from each port of call and had taken photographs.

They are delighted with the programme which has been arranged for them.

Mr. Johnson is, of course, particularly pleased with his cricket date at Nottingham, but his wife is interested in cricket, too.

However, her biggest thrill at the moment is the Buckingham Palace Garden Party.

She will wear a lilac-and-black printed tie-silk frock and small black hat.

Afterwards they will visit the theatre and then have champagne supper at the Monseigneur, the fashionable restaurant owned by Australian Ken Hall.

They are spending their first few days in Scotland visiting Mrs. Johnson's aunt, Mrs. Meg Hunter, at the village of Glencarnock, in Ayrshire.

Although they are excited by the brilliant events which they will see, they are also pleased and somewhat relieved that time has been allowed for them to rest and wander round London or do a bit of shopping.

"I am dying to see the Coronation and to go to Stratford to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, but just the same I want to get down to the East End and see how people live there," Mrs. Johnson said.



IN LONDON. Mary and Barry Johnson photographed outside Westminster Abbey. On the right is one of the London buses which convinced Mrs. Johnson she was "really here."



"DON'T FORGET THIS!" Last-minute packing in the Johnson home at West Ryde, Sydney, was completed with the help of (from left) the twins Roslyn and Kathryn (6), Ken (13), and Dennis (8).

Pageant of British Kings and Queens



PAGEANT SCENE shows James I (Roy Collins) with his Queen, Anne of Denmark (Eileen Evans), receiving distinguished actor Edward Alleyn (Douglas Bruce). James'

successor to the Throne, Charles I (Thomas Robins), is entering with his Queen, Henrietta Maria (Frances Chamberlain). Costumes for the show were rich and elaborate.

Cast of 1000 in Melbourne presentation

ONE of the most spectacular of Melbourne's Coronation Week events was a pageant depicting the reigns of British monarchs.

More than 1000 people, including massed choirs, members of the Services, and the R.A.A.F. Band, took part in the pageant, which was held at the Exhibition Building on a stage 50 feet square.

A cast of 200 students from the University Teachers' College, dressed in period costumes, enacted events from each reign.

The script was written by Ray Lawler, 30-year-old Melbourne playwright.

He has written several plays for the National Theatre, including "Brief Return," "A Theatrical Story," "Hal's Belles" (a comedy about Henry VIII), and "Cradle of Thunder," an Australian historical drama.

William Carr, producer of the pageant, has worked with the National Theatre for 16 years. He has been in show business since he was nine and began his stage career as a boy soprano. He has produced everything from farce to grand opera.



ELIZABETH I (Ella Cole) receives William Shakespeare (Harold Grosvenor), who kneels to present a dove as a symbol of peace for England. Sir Walter Raleigh (Jim Hobill) stands beside Queen Elizabeth. Pictures by staff photographer E. Mann.



VICTORIAN ERA. Queen Victoria (Barbara Johnson) with her Consort, Prince Albert (Neil Stacey), receives an Indian princess (Rani Jagat Singh, domestic arts student from the Punjab), and Indian prince (Surachatra Chatchai, student from Siam).

The secret
of the flavour
is pure
FRESH MILK



There's a glass and
a half of fresh, full-cream
milk in every half pound of
Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.
That's why it's so smooth, so delicious.

...that's why everyone is saying...

I want Cadbury's



*A spoonful of
DeWitt's in a
glass of water
relieves
INDIGESTION

Sufferers from
digestive disorders due to excess
stomach acid get a triple benefit
from a single dose of De Witt's
Antacid Powder. The well-balanced
formula ensures rapid neutral-
ization of acid excess, prompt and
prolonged relief from digestive
discomfort and soothes and settles
the upset stomach. It benefits
children as well as adults. Keep a
canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder always handy in
your home. Sold in canisters, 3/ and
giant size (2 1/2 times the 3/ quantity) 6/6



Away from home—carry a few
DeWitt's ANTACID TABLETS

No water needed. Pleasant flavour.
Easy tear-off strips.

Price 1/8 and 2/9 (2 1/2 times the quantity)

DeWitt's
ANTACID
POWDER & TABLETS



PRINCE CHARLES, heir to the throne, watches intently as his mother is crowned. With him are the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Charles asked his grandmother many questions, and at the moment when the embroidered robe royal was placed on the Queen, the Queen Mother hugged the little boy and whispered in his ear. The pictures on these two pages are radiophotos from London.

Windsor follows crowning on Paris television

From ROLAND PULLEN, in Paris

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor saw the Coronation on television at the home of Mrs. Margaret Biddle, American millionairess and Paris hostess, who has been their close friend since the Duke's abdication.

MRS. BIDDLE lives in a handsome Left-Bank mansion, which was formerly the Australian Embassy building.

She invited nearly 100 members of French aristocratic families and many French and foreign diplomats and their wives to an all-day party.

The Australian Ambassador, Sir Keith Officer, was among the guests.

The Duke asked Mrs. Biddle for permission to go on watching the crowd scenes outside the Abbey as he ate lunch. He sat close to the television set with the plate on his knees.

Mrs. Biddle's magnificent gold-and-white drawing-room was blacked out with heavy curtains to make the television screen clearer.

Several times the Duke's eyes filled with tears, and the Duchess, who was sitting next to him, put her hand on his arm.

The Duke, in the front row a few feet from the television screen, had eyes only for the moving Coronation ceremony.

Now and then he would point out to the Duchess members of the Royal Family and old friends he had left behind in England.

He explained to the other guests the significance of some of the elaborate functions.

Occasionally he puffed a

cigarette. But most of the time he sat without moving, chin in hand.

As the Queen's voice rang through the Paris drawing-room, he leant forward as though to grasp her words.

Occasionally, people in the room whispered to each other, but at the solemn moment of the crowning the quiet was absolute.

The Duke, bronzed and informally dressed in a dark grey single-breasted suit, gazed long and hard at his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, in ornate robes, as he stepped up to pay homage to the Queen.

As the religious ceremony neared its end and the voices of the Abbey choir rose, the

Duke hummed softly to himself.

Afterwards the Duke described the telecast as "most wonderfully done."

He spoke about his father's Coronation in 1911 and how little the traditional ritual had changed since then.

"Did you see Churchill?" he asked reporters, "What a wonderful old man."

Among those at Mrs. Biddle's party were General Alfred Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, and the outgoing French Premier, Rene Pleven.

The Duke had asked for as little publicity as possible on Coronation Day, and not until after the Abbey service was it revealed that he had gone to Mrs. Biddle's home to watch the Coronation on television.

Previously he had announced that he would pass the day quietly in his own Paris home.

Scores of photographers asked for permission to photograph the Duke in front of the television set.

At first he refused all requests, but when they became so numerous he agreed on the day before the Coronation to allow one photographic agency to take photographs, provided the agency shared them with all newspapers and magazines which wanted them.

The Duke congratulated the French television technicians on the success of the relay to the Continent.

The technicians had been working day and night for more than five weeks, and the reception in Paris was perfect.

The Duke wrote to French television chiefs, saying, "You've done a magnificent job."

Possibly to put an end to speculation as to whether he and the Duchess of Windsor would attend the Coronation, the Duke announced that they would not be present some weeks before he and his wife left New York for Paris.



SMILING HAPPILY among her Maids of Honor, the Queen leaves her golden coach on arrival at Westminster Abbey. The Duke of Edinburgh is on the right.

BRILLIANT SCENE IN ABBEY



Pageantry focused all eyes on slender figure of Queen

The interior of Westminster Abbey on Coronation Day was blotted out by people. It was physically annihilated so far as the eye could see.

Round the space between the choir and the altar, where the Coronation rite was performed, two tiers of galleries had been built up over the transepts where the peers and peeresses sit.

THESE galleries sheered right up the walls till they stopped just short of the great rose windows and they were faced with hangings of blue brocade.

These became invisible because the people who sat in the galleries were so gorgeously dressed that they looked like massed flights of parakeets.

The soldiers and bishops and judges and mayors and diplomats and eminent foreigners were in gorgeous uniforms that ran through all reds from maroon, with excursion into blues and greens, and the women all wore dresses that shone or glowed or smouldered.

The peers and peeresses on the other hand were a disappointment. One would think that with their crimson robes they would look like poppy fields, but when they were sitting down the crimson velvet was hidden and only the ermine showed.

Under the galleries they looked like two spread flocks of nice clean white sheep.

All these people were talking about just one thing as they sat waiting for the ceremony to begin. They were

talking about the climbing of Mount Everest.

There can never have been a Coronation where so many of the spectators thought and talked about something other than the matter in hand.

But the climbing of Mount Everest was actually explicitly apposite to this Coronation.

It was not only the simpler folk who squatted in the Mall all night who felt that when the Queen was crowned everything was going to be different.

Faith in future

EVERYBODY, up to the greatest of public servants, up to Sir Winston Churchill, has faith that somehow this girl is going to change our destiny, that she is going to give us a magical power to transcend our difficulties, and here, on Coronation Day itself, a piece of news had come in that only the toughest mind could refuse to take as an omen.

In the early days of this century all Royal Princesses were conventional and tamed and out of the same mould. Now all sorts of types have been drawn into our Palace life.

There was the Duchess of Kent, who marks the point at

which our particularly English and indeed exalted bourgeois Royal Family touches the elegant international world of Dior and Balenciaga.

There was the Countess of Harewood, who promised to be a pianist of great talent when she married, and is certainly a creature of exquisite sensibility.

There was the Countess of Mountbatten, haggard, with great ability that finds no outlet except in a crisis.

There was the mother of the Duke of Edinburgh, who, in the moments when she passed through the Abbey, gave a strangeness to the pageant which made it then a masterpiece, a complete representation of life; for she is a nun and she came in nun's habit, which was ash-grey.

There was Princess Margaret, who is doing a thing that no Princess ever did in the past. She is changing her personality. From being definitely one person she is changing to something as definite and quite different, and from the greater dignity and handsomeness of her aspect it is plain that the change has come from thinking and feeling. She is not following a fashion.

By famous writer
REBECCA WEST,
who covered the
Coronation ceremony
for us. Miss West
has been named "the outstanding woman journalist in the world."

Then the Queen Mother came, and performed her curious feat of looking at once magnificent and sensible. With a train yards long and a diamond mine piled up in majesty on her brow, she still looked as if she would know to a second how long an egg ought to be boiled.

Then the Queen's procession began with a scarlet wealth of clergy, a team of ordinary boys in black clothes and white surplices who are not ordinary at all, but the scholars of Westminster School, who have enjoyed the right of crying "Long life to the Sovereign" at Coronations since Queen Elizabeth I gave it to them, and a gold and silver and blue and crimson stream of bishops, which joined with the great to form a river of gorgeousness.

Soon it became apparent that if a number of peers in their robes could look like a flock of sheep, one peer looks superb, if he happens to be superb, in a way that modern clothes disguise.

The Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, looks a thick-set, stolid conventionalist, but if you see him in his robes and his coronet something emerges which gives the clue to the fact that he does in fact possess unusual ability.

KNEELING, the Duke of Edinburgh pays homage to the Queen, saying, in part, "I, Philip, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship."

As for the Knights of the Garter, if they are great, their great ink-blue cloaks make them tents of greatness.

Montgomery is something to see in his, and Sir Winston Churchill moves along under the trappings like one of his own great orate sentences.

At last there came the Queen, and the ceremony became piteous, very grand but piteous.

Inside the Abbey we knew when she had arrived at the Abbey, because the cheering of the crowd sounded like a wave breaking on its walls.

She is indeed a very beautiful young woman, with that subtle kind of beauty which exists without any striking features.

And so the Archbishop took her before the Altar, and the Mistress of the Robes unhooked the shining dress she wore, that was appropriate to a woman who had nothing to do but be happy, and took off the light diadem which was the sign of a not oppressive fortune.

The crowning

THEY dressed her up in a linen dress like the under-habit of a nun, and then they put on her stiff and antiquated garments of harsh gold tissue, very trying to the skin, that changed her from a modern young woman into a stiff, solemn figure like the image of a saint on an altar.

They anointed her with oil by a ceremony that meant that she was now Queen, she had accepted this responsibility.

They put a heavy crown on her small head. They made her hold a sacred rod in each

hand and then they made her, staggering slightly under the weight of her crown, constricted with these stiff metallic fabrics, walk a long distance to a throne and sit in it while the peers of the realm did homage to her.

Then the girl, who looked very small and tired by now, though she kept her back straight, went to the communion table and affirmed her belief in the right.

Then she went into the chapel, and in an anteroom they changed her crown for a lighter modern crown; the one she had had on before, St. Edward's crown, had been used for 600 years, and for that reason she insisted on wearing it.

She put on again the brilliant dress she had worn when she came to the Abbey. She left this place before the altar where she had undertaken this obligation to the people, turning her face to the spectators in the galleries once before she left.

Then there appeared a flaw in her beauty which made it quite perfect.

For an instant her face looked a little too long; and that meant that a trick of lighting had brought out a resemblance to her father, that faithful servant of his people whom we have not forgotten.

We never liked her better than at the moment.

She moved and was as beautiful again as before, and moved down the aisle as the trumpets played; and inside the Abbey we heard again the cheers of the people beat on the walls.

"Use bath-size Lux Toilet Soap"

says exotic 20th Century-Fox star
GENE TIERNEY

"Just one cake of this fragrant white beauty soap will make you lovelier!" adds this elegant star, whose fine complexion looks radiant and fresh even after many hours under hot, exhausting lights at the studio. Lux Toilet Soap—Australia's only pure white toilet soap is **WHITE** because it's pure—so pure you should use it for baby's precious skin! Its rich, creamy lather leaves skin softer, smoother!

FIRST for LATHER! PERFUME! COLOR!

9 out of every 10 film stars
use Lux Toilet Soap



A recent survey amongst Australian families proved that more men and women preferred Lux Toilet Soap for Lather, Perfume and Color. In fact, more people the world over buy Lux Toilet Soap than any other brand. A quick, refreshing shower or bath with this fragrant toilet soap is an everyday delight. Buy it today for all the family.



A day in the life of a packet of LUX



So safe! So speedy! So thrifty!

There's nothing like wonderful LUX... you'll want to use it always!

Jazz man helps girls' home

Hopes to build new pool for children

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

Entertainer and jazz man Bobby Limb has got himself a new job—fairy godfather to 40 little girls, who are depending on him for a new swimming-pool by next summer.

THE little girls are being cared for by the Sisters of Mercy at St. Catherine's Orphanage, Brooklyn, on the banks of the Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

Passers-by in recreation hours may be startled by the background radio music which often accompanies the dignified pacings of the nuns in the gardens.

Up-to-the-minute jazz and popular tunes straight off the hit parades burst from the little assembly hall as the children join in Bobby's teenage radio session.

As soon as he comes on the air they settle themselves around the wireless with whippers of "Sch, that's Bobby," and "Quick, we might hear him sing."

Their adoption of Bobby (and his of them) dates from a chance visit he paid to the orphanage some months ago when he dropped in with a friend.

"We got talking and one of the kids came up and hung on to my hand—and that was the end," said Bobby.

"I just couldn't get them out of my mind, they were so thrilled to see anybody. I just had to go back."

Now he goes there as often as he can, takes with him other members of the band, and puts on impromptu concerts with the girls as radio stars.

These visits are not just occasional joy rides with no purpose.

Bobby discovered that the old wooden swimming-pool on the river bank had rotted away and was quite useless.

Swimming in the open river is too dangerous because of sharks.

He is determined that the pool will be rebuilt by the end of the year, when he leaves for England.

Already he has about £100 of the necessary £500 in hand, most of which he has raised by playing in concerts and donating his fees.

Proceeds of a special night on July 15 at the club where he plays will go to the fund.

"Everyone seems keen to get in and help," said Bobby. "A bunch of blokes have offered to be 'fairy godfathers for a day,' too, and to take all the children for a picnic."

"My radio teenage club members send in clothes and try to raise bits here and there."

"I want to see that pool in use by the beginning of summer."

Built originally as a hotel, the orphanage was acquired by the Catholic Church 30 years ago.

Many of the children go there from Waitara Babies' Home, conducted by the same Order and which cares for the children until they are four years old.

Girls who have spent their first 16 years at the two homes, and have since married, take great pride in bringing their babies back for the sisters to see.

Sister Hyacinth says that sometimes visitors want to adopt children.

"We leave it to the children themselves to decide just what they want to do," she said.



RAPT ATTENTION for Bobby Limb's jazz show at Brooklyn Orphanage from Ann Hitchen, 8, allowed out of sick-bay for the occasion. Sister Hyacinth, who has been at the orphanage for 15 years, and who mothers all the girls, is nursing Ann.



COMMUNITY SINGING with Bobby is the highlight of the visit. The little girls learn all his songs by heart and are keen to show Bobby what they can do. They are most excited when he stages a "radio session" there.

said. "None of them is forced into adoption."

"A doctor and his wife used to have little Shirley to stay with them every school holiday, and eventually they asked us if she could spend a month or so there to get used to the idea of adoption," she said.

"Shirley went along quite happily for five weeks, and just as they were thinking that she had settled in she asked them when she would be 'going home'."

"They were heartbroken and still have her whenever they can—but Shirley looks upon this as her home."

The nuns give the girls school training up to the primary examination and after that concentrate on domestic duties, cooking, sewing, and general housework.

At 16 they go to domestic jobs in private homes.

"We always check up to see that the employers are suitable people who will give our girls a home and help them to become accustomed to the outside world," said Sister Hyacinth.

"Doing the shopping at Brooklyn and Hornsby and a very occasional trip into town are the only times they are away from here."



FIRST HUG OF WELCOME is always for the tinies, who race along the garden path squealing with joy to see who can reach Bobby first and tell him the news.



JAM SESSION from Bobby on clarinet, vocalist Dawn Lake, and Bob Gibson, at piano, brings happy smiles from the nuns in the background as well as from the girls, who are waiting for the chorus to join in with Dawn. Sometimes two or three girls are roped in as "stars," and there is wild excitement.

THOSE WHO TAKE
PRIDE IN THEIR KNITWEAR
WILL KNIT THIS SWEATER



PATONS
BEEHIVE
FINGERING. 4-Ply

NOTHING
EQUALS
WOOL

SIMPLICITY IN STYLE
COUPLED WITH BEAUTY
OF COLOUR



PATONS
AZALEA
CROCHET WOOL

NOTHING
EQUALS
WOOL

PATONS KNITTING
BOOK NO. 363
CONTAINS 7 DESIGNS FOR
ATTRACTIVE HANDKNITTEDS
PRICE 1/6. POSTAGE 3d. EXTRA



IF BOOK UNOBTAINABLE LOCALLY, WRITE TO—

PATONS & BALDWIN'S
(AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

Dept. 2
Box 3718
Sydney.

Dept. 2
Box 1606 M
Melbourne.

Dept. 2
Box 929 M
Brisbane.



CORONATION NIGHT PARTY. Among guests watching the fireworks on the Harbor from Arthur Browning's home in Bellevue Hill were Peter Reid (left), Mrs. Denis Rowe, and Dr. Rowe. Supper was served in a pink-silk-lined marquee, where Chinese lanterns printed with the Queen's picture gave a Coronation atmosphere.



TIARA BALL. Pretty group on the stairs at Glen Ascham on Coronation night are (foreground, from left) Mrs. Ken Youdale and Mrs. Jerry McMurtrie; and (background) Mrs. Ken Triggs, Mrs. Bill Tilley, Mrs. Ross Solomon, Mrs. Ashley Buckingham, Mrs. John Arnott.



IN CANBERRA. Miss Judy Hutchinson, lady-in-waiting to Lady Slim, wife of the Governor-General, and Lieut.-Col. M. Gilliat were among members of the Government House staff who attended the State Banquet on Coronation night.



STATE BANQUET. Canberra couple Mr. and Mrs. Sim Bennet were guests at Parliament House, Canberra, on Coronation night. The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, was at the banquet.



STRIKING HEADDRESS was worn to the Tiara Ball by Nan Connor, of Edgecliff, who is talking with Allan Coogan, of Wallongong. The Young Marrieds' Committee of the Sub-Normal Children's Association gave the ball.



GERMAN AMBASSADOR Dr. Walther Hess, his wife, and attractive daughter Inge arrive at Parliament House, Canberra, for the State Coronation Banquet. Guests were received in King's Hall by the Deputy Prime Minister, Sir Arthur Fadden, and Lady Fadden.



BETWEEN DANCES. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Hordern, of Killara, at the Tiara Ball. Alternating bands of deep and pale rose satin, separated by tiny lace frills, made the skirt of her frock.



AT RANDWICK. Racegoers at the Coronation Day race meeting were Mrs. Carlos Zalapa (left), wife of the Consul-General for Brazil, and Mrs. Maurice Samuels. Feather pompons trimmed Mrs. Samuels' black hat.

Governor's wife wears Paris gowns

Lady George, charming wife of South Australia's new Governor, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert George, poses for The Australian Women's Weekly in five ensembles. The photographs were taken at Government House.



LADY GEORGE wears a short evening dress of orchid faille in this picture taken in the drawing-room. The shot blue-and-pink diaphanous stole is gold-bordered to match her open sandals.



A DIOR model copy made in parchment satin brocade with a turquoise velvet trim. The rich colors and materials are typical of Coronation season fashions. The matching jacket is reversible.

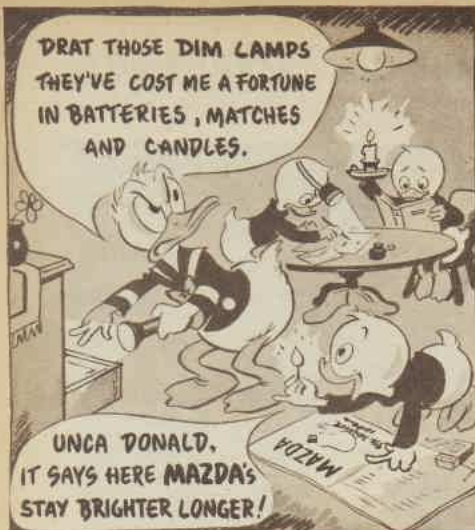


PIERRE BALMAIN designed the chic beige corded coat-dress, left. Lady George wore the model to her husband's swearing-in ceremony on the day after their arrival in Adelaide.

AFTERNOON DRESS, charmingly simple in line, worn by Lady George when she entertained at Government House recently. The model is of warm golden-corn tie-silk.



REGAL BALL GOWN which exemplifies the Coronation influence in fashion. The model by Pierre Balmain is a superb combination of ivory-white ruffled ribbon and lace, scattered with gold sequins. The very full skirt falls to form a graceful train at back. Lady George wore the gown to the formal ball given by the Empire Societies in honor of her husband and herself at the Adelaide Town Hall.



Take a hint on WASHING WOOLLENS



'Oxygen-clean' your dentures and enjoy peace of mind

You need never be anxious about the appearance of your dentures if you use 'Steradent'. The oxygen in 'Steradent' reaches every hard-to-get-at crevice of the denture, removing stains, film and odours. 'Steradent' disinfects and deodorises while it restores the denture to pearly whiteness.

Sold by Chemists only



Steradent

'Oxygen-clean' and
sterilizes every type of denture.

Social
News
continued:

HIGHLIGHTS OF GALA WEEK



NAVY CORONATION BALL. Jennifer Tatchell, step-daughter of Rear-Admiral J. W. M. Eaton, and Lieut. Ian Richards, of Westbourne Park, Adelaide, at the Navy Ball in H.M.A.S. Penguin, Balmoral.



ON THE STAIRS at H.M.A.S. Penguin were (from left) Lieut.-Commander Jo Hill, from H.M.A.S. Kuttatbul, Potts Point, Helen Patten, Wallace Oxley, and Gloria Gray-Simon.



STATE DINNER. Wing-Commander and Mrs. Bruce Courtney were among guests at the dinner given by the State Government in honor of the Coronation.



AT GAY BALL. Gretel Moore and Mark Hordern admire a floral crown, one of the decorations at the Coronation Ball at Prince's given in aid of the Food for Babies Fund.



GUESTS at the State dinner at the Hotel Australia were Mr. A. W. Skidmore, assistant secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, and Mrs. Skidmore.



RHINESTONE TIARA was worn by Joy Hann when she attended the Coronation Ball at Prince's with David Berman. Joy's white tulle frock was trimmed with guipure lace.



AT DUNTROON BALL. Happy group on the gaily decorated balcony were (from left) John Morphet, of South Australia, Dorothy Brophy and Betty Woods, of Canberra, and Geoff Fry, of South Australia.

CORONATION BALL AT DUNTROON



PRETTY GUEST Janet Emmett and partner Lachlan Thomson, both of Melbourne, talk with Bill Wells, of Sydney (right) on the dance floor at the Duntroon Ball.



THROUGH THE DOORWAY decorated with a Royal coach Patricia Burgess and Michael Goldrick, both of Sydney, step into the gymnasium, where the dance was held.



ENJOYING THE DANCE. Adrienne Penn and Tony Barr, both of Bellevue Hill (left), and Patricia Carr, of Watson's Bay, and her partner, Tom Flanagan, of Grafton, dance under the streamers in the college gymnasium at the Duntroon Coronation Ball. Many guests came to Canberra from other States specially for the occasion.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 10, 1953



The Perfect Pair! Malt Flavoured and Chocolate Flavoured OVALTINE

Choose the flavour you prefer . . . both are delicious, and both contain all the important nutritive elements that have made Ovaltine the largest-selling tonic food beverage throughout the world.

Make Ovaltine your regular daytime and bedtime beverage — see how it improves the health of all your family. Chocolate Flavoured Ovaltine is fully sweetened and needs no addition of sugar. Start taking Ovaltine today. At all leading chemists and grocers.

NP9



Regal designs and colours
to make you look lovely this
Coronation year

This season, Black Lance have produced the most exciting collection of soft-spun, pure-wool cardigans, sweaters and suits that have ever graced the female form. The best stores everywhere stock Black Lance dream knitted of finest wool.

Traditional Black Lance genius for combining smartness with simplicity is expressed in this gorgeous super-merino wool knitted suit. It will not rest or bag and is guaranteed to retain its shape indefinitely. Just see yourself in it—and it will be your best friend for years.





DREAM KNITTEDS OF FINEST WOOL

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST FORTNIGHTLY
On Sale Each Alternate Tuesday

Packed with Pictures,
Color, Fiction, Sport.
Available Everywhere

A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE



ABOVE: Glamorous Princess Maria of Lichtenburg (Vera-Ellen) shares romantic interludes and dance sequences with American Press attache Kenneth Gibson (Donald O'Connor) in this musical comedy.

RIGHT: Colorful Ocarina dance ensemble in the technicolor musical "Call Me Madam" features Vera-Ellen. It takes place at the annual Lichtenburg fair, which is attended by the whole population.

"Call Me Madam"

Film Fun-Fone

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Ethel Merman sings and plays her original stage role in the technicolor screen version of the topical musical hit "Call Me Madam" (Twentieth Century-Fox). As Ambassador Sally Adams, woman diplomat representing the United States in the mythical Grand Duchy of Lichtenburg, she shares the spotlight with co-stars Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, and George Sanders, who appears for the first time as an actor-singer. Irving Berlin wrote the musical score. There are a dozen delightful numbers.



A ROYAL MARRIAGE between Princess Maria (Vera-Ellen), above, and Prince Hugo of Mitteldorf (Helmut Dantine) hinges on Lichtenburg securing an American loan. Finance Ministers are confident that getting a loan is a simple matter, but Madam Ambassador (Ethel Merman) discourages their overtures at first.



DELEGATION of three American senators (above, left), ready to approve a loan to Lichtenburg, are impressed when General Cosmo Constantine (George Sanders), at right, declines American financial aid. Infatuated with Cosmo, Ambassador Sally Adams (Ethel Merman) is flabbergasted when he says the country should help itself.



RECEPTION is given by the Grand Duke Otto (Ludwig Stossel), in centre, above, at which Ambassador Sally Adams (Ethel Merman) is formally presented. Sally is the hit of the evening. Her love affair with General Cosmo Constantine (George Sanders) flourishes.



SECRET PASSAGE connecting the Palace with the Embassy is brought to the attention of her Press attache Kenneth Gibson (Donald O'Connor) by kind-hearted Sally Adams (Ethel Merman). Princess Maria (Vera-Ellen) and Kenneth meet in the cellar.



CAREER DIPLOMAT Pemberton Maxwell (Billy De Wolfe), the prissy American charge d'affaires in Lichtenburg, is brisly shaken out of his assumption that he will continue to run the office as in the past by his new boss, Ambassador Sally Adams (Ethel Merman).



ETHEL MERMAN, Broadway musical comedy star, singing the "Best Thing for Me Would be You" in "Call Me Madam." As Mrs. Sally Adams, she becomes the American Ambassador to the Grand Duchy of Lichtenburg, where her unusual talents bring their own reward. The story is loosely fashioned after the career of Mrs. Perle Mesta, a former U.S. Minister to Luxembourg.

The prettiest, the warmest,
the best value nighties
in town!



They're

Dream-Glo

Interlock
by Bond's

Warm as a furnace, with a wonderful luxury feel to them. The new pyjamas take a lively young tomboy look—with saucy Butcher Boy jackets that hang straight from the shoulder: the new nightgowns feature pretty lacy details that do wonderful things for your figure! Bond's Interlock washes like a charm and wears and wears!

BOND'S COSY INTERLOCK IS A FAMILY AFFAIR



• Lavish lacy trimmings—frilly collars, sweet bows—ties for Bond's young nightgown.



• Lots of lace everywhere—on collars, yokes, cuffs. Such pretty new fashions.



**BOND'S
QUALITY
CONTROL**

The cosy Interlock used in the manufacture of Bond's nightwear is subject to exacting "Quality Control". Only the finest grade of combed yarn is used and it is rigorously tested before manufacture. (The quality of these yarns has never varied.) After the yarn is spun, and is on its way to the cutting-table, it is relaxed to minimise shrinkage. No wonder Dream-Glo wears so well.

Talking of FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Captain Horatio Hornblower

MADE in England with part American, part British cast and crew, "Captain Horatio Hornblower" (Warners') provides technicolor adventure on the grand scale.

Director Raoul Walsh's vigorous touch and feeling for mass action put into the film much of the punch and gusto contained in the C. S. Forester seafaring yarns upon which the screenplay is based.

Britain's sea wars against Napoleon sustain the main story thread, and settings are excellent.

Sight and sound of Gregory Peck (who has been described as typical early American) as an unorthodox British sea-dog is not incongruous; as usual, intelligence and a sure sense of character enable Peck to negotiate the perils of portraying a British hero.

When Hornblower is not battling oceans and England's enemies, the martinet skipper pauses in amorous dalliance with Lady Virginia Mayo.

The film falls down when romance interrupts adventure. Virginia's idea of playing English society beauty Lady Barbara Wellesley, sister of the Duke of Wellington, is hardly historical.

"You are the Duke's sister?" says Hornblower as the lady steps upon his quarterdeck. "Yeah," replies Lady Mayo.

In "Captain Horatio Hornblower" there is much good character work among minor performers like Robert Beatty, James Robertson Justice, and Richard Herne.

In Sydney—Regent.

★★ Il Trovatore

THIS is a good screen presentation of Verdi's widely known opera.

The introduction of an atmospheric prologue with English dialogue and music of the orchestra and chorus of the Teatro dell'Opera di Rome enlists the interest of filmgoers not already familiar with the tragedy.

When opera proper begins it is in true Italian tradition.

La Scala and Metropolitan Opera stars bring immense drama as well as magnificent singing to the story of love, hate, and revenge in old Spain.

There is an abundance of spectacle with realistic battle scenes.

Gianna Pederzini, as the revenge-maddened gipsy mother, gives a particularly fine performance, and Vittorina Colonnello, as Leonora, combines beauty and dramatic talent with a lovely voice.

Directed by Italian maestro Gabriele Santini, "Il Trovatore" is notable for some deft incidental touches which Continental film-makers competently exploit.

In Sydney—Savoy.



GLAMOR PERSONALITIES attend a backstage party in London. Stage and screen actresses Googie Withers (centre) and Anna Neagle gossip happily with Wendy Toye (left) at a recent Savoy Theatre party.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★ "The President's Lady," period romance, starring Susan Hayward, Charlton Heston. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★★★ "High Noon," Western drama, starring Gary Cooper, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges. Plus ★ "The Scarf," drama, starring John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," technicolor musical drama, starring Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, Peter Finch. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Macbeth," Shakespearian tragedy, starring Orson Welles, Jeanette Nolan. Plus "Harbour of Missing Men," mystery, starring Richard Denning, Barbara Fuller.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Julius Caesar," Shakespearian tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "The Plainsman," Western, starring Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur. Plus ★ "Big Town," crime drama, starring Philip Reed, Hilary Brooke. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "The House of Wax," Warnercolor 3-D thriller, starring Vincent Price, Phyllis Kirk. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "The Man Behind the Gun," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Patrice Wymore, Dick Wesson. Plus ★ "Fighter Squadron," Warnercolor air drama, starring Edmond O'Brien, Robert Stack. (Re-release.)

REGENT.—★★★ "Captain Horatio Hornblower," technicolor sea adventure, starring Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Il Trovatore," Italian opera, starring Gianna Pederzini, Gino Sinigaglia. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "The Planter's Wife," drama of terrorist Malaya, starring Jack Hawkins, Claudette Colbert, Anthony Steel. Plus ★ "The Happy Family," comedy, starring Stanley Holloway, Kathleen Harrison.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Young Bess," technicolor panoramic historical romance, starring Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama starring Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two Dollar Betor," gambling drama, starring John Littel, Marie Winsor.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Seminole," technicolor Indian adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Barbara Hale. Plus ★★ "The Life of Riley," comedy, starring William Bendix. (Re-release.)

LYCEUM.—"The Card," comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns. Plus "The Dark Man," mystery drama, starring Maxwell Reed, Barbara Murray.

PARK.—"Operation Secret," spy drama, starring Cornel Wilde, Phyllis Thaxter, Steve Cochran. Plus "Taxi, Mister," comedy, starring William Bendix. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—"Big Jim McLain," drama, starring John Wayne, Nancy Olson. Plus "Sword of Venus," drama, starring Katherine McLeod, Robert Clarkson.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Just For You," technicolor musical, starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"Girls in the Night," thriller, starring Joyce Holden, Harvey Lembeck, Glenda Farrell. Plus "The Lone Hand," technicolor Western, starring Joel McCrea, Barbara Hale.

TAKE ME TO TOWN



2 THREE small sons create problems for widower Will Hall (Sterling Hayden). The Widow Stoffer wants to help raise them, to boys' dismay.

3 SEARCHING for a mother to suit them, the boys ask Vermilion to take the job. She does so when the marshal appears looking for her.

1 SHOWGIRL Vermilion O'Toole (Ann Sheridan) takes a job in a small town while hiding from legal inquiries.



★ Ann Sheridan and Sterling Hayden co-star in the technicolor period romance "Take Me to Town" (Universal).

As a small-town widower, Sterling Hayden is faced with the problem of raising three young sons and at the same time avoiding the attentions of the Widow Stoffer (Phyllis Stanley). Ann Sheridan and Sterling Hayden join forces to solve both problems.



4 INFORMED of the happenings by the jealous widow, Will orders Vermilion to leave his house to forestall gossip.

5 VERMILION (left) wins Will over by saving his son. He asks her to stay.

6 SNUBBED (above) by gossips, Vermilion happily accepts Will's marriage offer.

New Reed film has Berlin setting

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

At last Sir Carol Reed, Britain's top film director, is launched on a new film.

AFTER patient and seemingly endless hunting — a pursuit now characteristic of Reed when he prepares to make a new film—he has found his story. It's a story of Berlin.

His stars are James Mason, Hildegard Neff, and the Chaplin discovery Claire Bloom.

In addition, he has found a boy star — a 14-year-old blond German lad called Dieter Krause.

The exact details of his new film script are a mystery.

Reed never gives much of his story away until his film actually hits the screen. But in atmosphere and tone his new "Berlin Story" (tentative title only), with its intrigue set against the background of a city divided into four sectors, approaches nearest to the best film he has yet produced, "The Third Man."

But not Vienna this time; Berlin.

Sir Carol is an amiable, thoughtful man of sudden flashing smiles and abrupt attentiveness alternating with

the vague air of a man pondering private problems.

He has been searching for years for a story suited to the bomb-scarred background of Berlin with its tensions, its struggles to rebuild, its air of sinister oppression.

Sir Carol finally got his idea in a short story published in the Berlin paper, "Tagesdienst," by Lothar Schuler. He bought it. Then he rushed to Berlin's Hotel Am Zoo to start casting.

As soon as the news got round Berlin his hotel was besieged by theatrical hopefuls of every age and sex and by fond mammas bringing their talented children. The telephones never stopped ringing.

In all this bedlam they found a German boy, Dieter Krause, already experienced in films, for a key part.

Able as he is, Reed does not scorn using a superior form of "gimmick" to add flavor to his thrillers.

In "The Third Man," for instance, his "gimmick" was the zither's haunting music.

In "Berlin Story" his "gimmick" is a whistle. Every time Dieter Krause peers



JAMES MASON and Claire Bloom outside Berlin's Rest Restaurant in a location scene of Carol Reed's "Berlin Story." It is Claire's second important film. She made her screen debut in Chaplin's "Limelight."

round a corner, purses his lips, and whistles, it is the signal for the action to start popping.

Reed is renowned for his understanding and patience with children.

He turned Bobby Henrey into a star performer in "The Fallen Idol." He used the naked Cingalese children delightfully in "An Outcast of the Islands."

Reed uses Dieter Krause as the link between James Mason and Hildegard Neff in "Berlin Story."

Though the script has been altered considerably from its

original form and is being kept a secret, the bare outline features Claire Bloom as a young English girl who travels to Berlin to see her brother, a doctor married to Hildegard Neff.

In some mysterious way Neff seems to be in the power of a sinister stranger, James Mason, who lives by dealing in contraband between the sectors.

In trying to find out what is wrong, Claire falls into Russian hands.

Reed insists: "There are no politics in this film. Absolutely none."

confidentially...



softness that stays soft

Only Kotex has flat pressed ends

no tell-tale outlines

Only Kotex has the 'SAFETY CENTRE'

only
Kotex
gives you
all this



Boxed
or plain
wrapped

2/11d.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING SANITARY NAPKIN



AND confidentially, THERE'S

NOTHING LIKE A KOTEX

BELT FOR COMFORT

K22.2



VENCATACHELLUM

Genuine Madras

CURRY POWDER

The Same Grand
Curry Grandma used

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE

BENGALI STEAK

1lb. topside steak, 1 d/sp. vinegar, 1 teasp. curry powder, pinch salt.

Brown the steak in a frying pan, then place it in a casserole and make the steak gravy. Mix the curry powder in the vinegar, add this to the gravy, with a pinch of salt, then pour the mixture over the steak. Allow to cook for about 1 hr., turning once, then cover dish and either bake or simmer for 2 to 3 hrs. Serve with boiled rice.

JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"

No more tugging at curtains

NOW

You can open or close your curtains so quickly, so effortlessly with

Kirsch

DRAW CORD CURTAIN RODS

PULL TO OPEN
PULL TO CLOSE

Kirsch CURTAIN RODS smoothly slide curtains open or closed at the lightest touch of the cord. Their silent, smooth-working efficiency is a pleasure.

Kirsch draw cord curtain rods work better—look better. Generous positive overlap of the curtains ensures privacy—your curtains stay closed.

Kirsch draw cord curtain rods are available at leading stores.

★ and remember . . . always use Kirsch all-metal Venetian Blinds . . . now available in Ivory and beautiful Pastel Shades.

Choose the Name You Know!

Kirsch Company



(AUST.) LIMITED
(A. Warfield Brothers Industry)
MELBOURNE — SYDNEY — BRISBANE
FJ 453B — MX 1071 — JW 4004

K10/8.2C

SPEND THE WHOLE OF YOUR

South Seas Holiday

ON A PACIFIC ISLE
QANTAS FLIES YOU THERE IN HOURS



Escape from the work-a-day world—to relax on the Pacific Island of your choice. It's all so near—by Qantas.

FUJI. Fly to the heart of Suva. See magnificent tropical scenery, native festivals, colourful bazaars. Enjoy modern amenities in good hotels. Fascinating tours available.

NOUMEA. Capital of beautiful New Caledonia, Noumea is famous for its hospitality and French "atmosphere." For a holiday with a foreign flavour, try Noumea.

NORFOLK ISLAND. One of the world's most restful spots, famous for its pine-clad slopes and leafy lanes. Comfortable accommodation. You can really relax on Norfolk Is. Regular Qantas services. Consult your Travel Agent.

QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE
QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD. (Inc. in Q'land.)
in association with B.O.A.C. and TEAL

#12

F2546. — Slim-line one-piece with contrast trim. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2547. — Small boy's shirt and overalls. Sizes 18in., 19in., 20 in., and 23in. lengths for 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for shirt and 3yd. 54in. material for overalls. Price, 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 665 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G. P. O., Auckland.

Pattern for beginners

F2548. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make wind-jacket. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Special price, 2/-.



F2546

F2549. — Smart hip-length "topper" coat. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.



F2550. — One-piece with flattering cowl-trimmed neckline and soft skirt fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.



F2550

F2551. — Tailored one-piece, with pleats featuring in the skirt design. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2552. — Graceful evening gown, designed to flatter the older woman. Sizes 36in. to 42in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.



F2549



F2548



F2547



F2552



No. 455. — NIGHTGOWN
Long-sleeved winter nightgown obtainable cut out ready to make in floral flanellette, printed on white, pastel pink, and blue grounds. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/6; 36in. and 38 in. bust, 41/11. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

No. 456. — BED-JACKET
A pretty, long-sleeved bed-jacket, designed for winter warmth. The material is floral flanellette, printed on white, pastel pink, and blue grounds. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 25/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 27/7. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

No. 457. — WAIST-APRON
Attractively styled waist-apron obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British headcloth; the color choice includes white, blue, natural, pink, lemon, green, and grey. Size: Medium. Price, 9/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

No. 458.—THREE TEA-TOWELS

The tea-towels are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider and are finished with a plain blue border and a multicolored border of red, green, yellow, and blue. To finish, machine raw edges. Sizes: 22in. by 32in. Price, 6/11 each. Postage, 8d. extra. Set of three, 20/3. Postage, 2/- extra.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 10, 1953

How to relieve HEARTBURN during PREGNANCY



Mothers-to-be need not suffer indigestion, a common complaint during pregnancy. A couple of QUICK-EZE tablets bring relief in seconds because the QUICK-EZE prescription, approved by the British Pharmacopoeia Codex, neutralises excess acidity and restores the digestive balance. Always keep QUICK-EZE handy.



take
QUICK-EZE
for
INDIGESTION
AND FEEL FIT AS A FOOL

SKIN IRRITATIONS?

USE THE ONE AND ONLY
Safe Effective



Vaseline is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chasebrough Mfg. Co. Con'd.

No Colds for me . . . thanks to Anti-Bi-San

"I'd always had a lot of colds in the winter and usually one really had one. I almost used to wait for them to come. Last winter I tried a preventive treatment, to see if it would help. Luckily I had heard about Anti-Bi-San, and although I didn't expect too much, I was delighted with the result—not one cold all winter. Of course, I'm taking Anti-Bi-San again this year, for another winter's protection. Why don't you do the same?"

'ANTI-BI-SAN'

Guards against colds
★ In the great majority of cases, Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within ten days of the start of treatment.

Send for free leaflet to the
Distributors—
FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD.
36/40, Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.

YOUTH SERIES by Barbara Vicars

Miss Sour Grapes

Have you caught up with the knocker yet? Perhaps you have, and perhaps—unlike most people—you know how to cope with her.

IF you haven't, you'll certainly meet this Miss Sour Grapes one of these days.

There are plenty of male knockers, of course. But knocking is a talent developed by some females to perfection.

Here is a description of a typical knockout:

"Dear, I like the style of your new evening dress, but (duck for the knock) I don't think it's quite your color. It makes you look a bit fallow."

"But, there, it'll probably be okay if you get a few early nights before the dance."

And another knocker departs—no, unfortunately, breaking her neck on the bottom step.

See what I mean? This isn't any honest-to-goodness cattiness, etched delicately with sharp claws and the forgiving grace of wit.

Ah, no. The pussy-cat is a pathetic amateur compared to the professional knocker.

Let's pick up the victim as she sits holding up the dress to her face in front of the mirror.

"What's wrong with this color?" she ponders. "Oh, maybe it's this light . . . No, it isn't . . . Maybe it IS the color."

"How could I have skimped lunches, forgone films, dreamed night and day of my lay-by treasure! Even the boss' scowl didn't worry me to-day because I had a heavenly vision of John's admiring face when he saw me in the dress."

"And now. Maybe the color doesn't suit me after all."

"Oh, dear—!" And if she doesn't actually cry with disappointment, she's as close to tears as makes no matter.

Is this a picture of you and that "friend" you're beginning to dread? If so, you'll know what a temperature-lowerer she is, not only about you and your looks, but about everything and everyone.

To believe the knocker,

Mary's make-up isn't "right," Susie's flat has the wrong aspect; your sister's boy-friend is "such a drongo."

The facts, as you see them in one of your clear-viewed moments, are that Mary, of the unsuit ble make-up, always looks as pretty as a peach; that Susie's flat has only one dark room and she's furnished it so beautifully you didn't even notice that the one window looked out on the light-well; that your sister's boy-friend is the kindest man on earth and fun to be with, too.

What makes the knocker that way?

As an illustration, take my



"Oh, Herbert, you really shouldn't give me such a beautiful 1.58 carat diamond with only a tiny flaw in the cutting of the right oblique facet!"

friend, Lou, who's currently getting a mauling from Veronica, the ace knocker of all time.

Lou's newly married and she and Bob have just moved into their dream house. They're so thrilled (a) at having a house—any house, (b) at being able to finance it, and (c) at having such a wonderful house that they're on top of the world.

But the other day when Bob arrived home from work he could see something was wrong.

Veronica had called. "Ah," said Bob, indicating all revealed, "and what did she knock this time?"

Veronica, it appeared, be-

- She takes the joy out of life
- Men are expert knockers, too

lieved that the house had been built by a jerry-builder notorious in the district for not putting in damp-courses. She suspected white ants in the sitting-room floorboards. And that huge rock at the back, which Bob could see as a landscape rockery, would block the summer breeze.

The house disposed of, Veronica chatted about the film Lou and Bob had—extravagantly in view of their budget—seen in town and thought well-deserving of the three awards it won.

But Veronica: "Shockingly over-rated, badly edited, stereotyped story. And the ending—my dear, how could you like it!—just too Hollywood for words."

So much for the film.

Lou's new hair-do Bob admired so much: "No, I don't altogether like it. It sort of makes your face look fatter."

No wonder Lou was feeling a bit down.

But why is Veronica like that?

Any second-rate amateur psychologist could tell you her knocking springs from envy, which in turn rises in her own wretched feeling of inferiority.

By pulling everything else down she builds herself up.

Maybe, though, you're not the person who flinches under Veronica's sharp criticisms. Maybe you're Veronica.

Then digest this information:

Your friends understand you all too well and they feel sorry for you.

When any of them get fed up with pitying you for the things that make you as you are, they have to be as rude, hypocritical, dogmatic, and intolerant as you are in order to cope with you.

Most decent, ordinary people don't like being nasty. So they just drop you.

Haven't you noticed?

"Guardian Angels," which I must report, he sings extremely well. As usual, H.M.V. has given him excellent support and presentation. Ray Sinatra conducts the orchestra and the Jeff Alexander Choir. EC196.

HERE'S something that should have a wide appeal for dancers, pop fans, and admirers of the piano—Semprini playing "Dancing to the Piano" on EA4114 with rhythm accompaniment. Medley includes "Here In My Heart," "Half As Much," "Isle of Innesfree," "Day of Jubilo," "Sugarbush," and "Rock of Gibraltar." Earmark it for your next party.

—Bernard Fletcher.

You'll be breath-taking
.... never breathless!



Le Gant "Alphabet" bra A2296. A cup, 32-36; B and C cup, 32-38; CC cup, 34-42; D cup, 36-42.

Snow-white wonder from Warner's Le Gant—a bra that comes in twenty different fittings, flatters every size and type! At your favourite store now, in soft, easy-to-laundry poplin, for 25/- (Larger sizes, with wider bandeau, wider shoulders, 32/6.)

Bras, Girdles, Corselettes by
WARNER'S Le Gant

WA.75.32g

Be REGULAR within 10 DAYS (without purgatives)

or Double Your Money Back!

This is all you need to . . . enjoy tasty, tasty Kellogg's All-Bran* for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you don't feel it has helped you, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

All-BRAN is not a purgative. It's a wholesome, naturally regulating cereal made from the vital outer

layers of wheat. Provides gentle-action bulk necessary to end constipation. Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. Kellogg's All-Bran gives you vitality as it brings regularity—instead of purging the energy out of you. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran right away. End constipation the way nature intended.

*Reg. Trade Mark

ABS2-12A

LOOK! BUY THIS "WOODMACHINCO" WOODWORKING BENCH OUTFIT

JOHN'S WOODWORKERS CABINETMAKERS BUILDERS CARPENTERS

Rugged, heavy-duty ball-bearing mounted, built for strenuous commercial use. Only \$25/10/0 (less tax) Freight PRICE in all capital cities. Using your own bolts and timber (noting approximately \$2 locally) and our FREE step by step plan, the above outfit comprises all precision, machined parts to make up in a few hours.

THE "WOODMACHINCO" WOODWORKING BENCH When used with accessories it planes, cuts, boards, rabbets, longues, grooves, nails, drills holes, makes all joinery and house moldings, swings 14in. saw, cranks, rips, profile cuts, dovetails, etc., etc.

SPECIAL OFFER No. 6, May and June, 1953, only. "WOODMACHINCO" 100 Gvw. 1/2 in. Bolts, Bolts, Quantities, Anti-Treated is \$25/10/0 Cash, Cheque, Bank Draft, or Money Order, for one only. C11 "WOODMACHINCO" CUTTER. Plans also sent on the G2 MOLDING SPINDLE and SPARE WOOD. ABSOLUTELY FREE of charge and freight free to the capital city of any State. In return for your giving us this G2 Cutter, I undertake to do my best at all times to further the sale of your woodworking outfit in my district. Send 3/6 stamp for catalogue.

And get this \$15/15/0 Spindle Moulder Outfit (G2) Absolutely Free.

G2 Model

15% Catalogue price, \$15/10/- and \$2/5/-

Complete all the precision parts to make up into

THIS THE "WOODMACHINCO" MOLDING BENCH

Step by Step Plans for Bench FREE

Fill in and Post this Order TO-DAY! NAME: ADDRESS: HYATE:

She's found the **NEW** trouble-free Home Perm!



NO NEUTRALIZER NEEDED!

*Prom perms perfectly
in one easy operation*

HERE'S WHAT'S NEW. No neutralizer is needed to fix the lovely, deep waves Prom gives. You just curl up your hair with Prom, leave it on for thirty minutes, then rinse away with warm water. Your perm "takes" as your hair dries naturally on the curlers. It's as simple as that. You cannot over-perm. You cannot under-perm. When you unwind you will find firm, strong curls that you can then set easily into natural, lasting, failproof waves.

USE WITH ANY HOME PERM CURLERS

Prom was an instant and sensational success in America and England

Page 34

13/9

**JUST WET
YOUR HAIR WITH**



AND CURL IT UP

*No neutralizer needed
Hair perms as it dries*

naturally on the curlers

Prom is a Gillette product

Continuing . . . Now That You Know

from page 3

and teeth as he smiled. I could write it properly now, she insisted inwardly. I know so much more now.

"Why not a new play entirely?" he suggested.

"I—have been trying, but . . ."

"Yes?"

"It's completely bogged down."

"In the second act?"

"How did you know?"

"There's usually chaos somewhere around the middle." He clapped his hands. "Get set, everyone!" While the bustle on the stage quickened he remarked casually, "Let me read it some time."

"Would you?"

"I'd like to. Quiet, up there! Right, carry on."

The players moved into action, but Margaret was only half aware of their performances. In the faint overspill of light from the stage she could watch Terry's hands fidgeting with a pencil and pad, suddenly motionless at dangerous moments in the dialogue, then scribbling hurriedly and fiercely so that she felt the small vibration of his arm against hers.

There was a curious peace for her in being there, silent and watchful and so close that she heard the tiny rasp of his fingers against his chin.

"Thanks, that will do, everyone. Next rehearsal Monday, and, Catherine . . ."

"Yes?"

"No book. Learn your lines."

"Oh, Terry!" Catherine Corder, blonde, pink-cheeked, absurdly young, came down to the footlights and looked plaintive. "I'll try, darling, but there's another thing. Do you really insist that I wear my hair like this, and those flat shoes?"

He answered inflexibly, "I do, darling."

"But, Terry, I look awful. Like Minnie Mouse . . ."

"You look as you always do, my dear—enchanting. And exactly right for the part."

"Darling, that's all you think of—the part!" Nevertheless, her face smoothed with gratification. "Come and have a cocktail at John's, it might jolt you out of your groove."

"I like my groove, thank you, much better than the ginger ale I'd get at John's. Run along, child."

"Well . . ." She shrugged and pouted charmingly as she turned away, and his eyes, glancing at Margaret, were full of grave mischief.

Suddenly, Catherine's youth and dazzling fairness didn't matter any more, and to her astonishment she heard herself say, "My flat's so near. Would you care to come along now and look at the play? You could be back in lots of time for the evening performance."

"If you can guarantee ice in my drinks, I might even forget the evening performance."

Hallelujah for the new refrigerator, she exulted. Aloud she replied, "In large lumps. Have I got the contract?"

For answer he rose and held out a hand to lift her from the seat. It had all been so easy that her breath had no time to stick in her throat.

The pavements still throbbed with heat and the little patch of shade under the sun-blind of the furniture store was gratefully dim.

From sheer habit she paused and glanced into the dark recess behind the window, and in the realisation of loss she caught at his arm. "It's gone—look! It's gone!"

"What is?"

"My love-seat. Oh, it can't be . . ."

She was inside the quiet shop, walking swiftly up and down

the long alleyways between the jumbled stock. A little man in a grey jacket appeared from behind a wardrobe, and she demanded, "Where is it? The love-seat—the red velvet one with the cupids? It stood in that corner by the window."

"Sorry. Sold."

"But I wanted it . . ."

"Too late, ma'am."

She couldn't believe it. "But it's been there for weeks!"

"Went just an hour ago. Pity you didn't come in sooner."

"I—suppose so."

"Unique, too. Couldn't promise to find you another like it."

"No—no, of course not. It wouldn't be the same anyhow." She tried to smile. "I'd become quite fond of it. Thank you."

Outside, the sunlight struck against her eyes, and she blinked as Terry's amused voice sounded behind her shoulder. "Now can you tell me what that was all about?"

For a moment her smile trembled uncontrollably, and she had to force her voice to obedience.

"Only this afternoon I had convinced myself that I didn't

Free holiday for children

THE children of the employees of an Italian car firm are given a free holiday every year at a northern Mediterranean seaside resort.

Up to 1000 children at a time are accommodated in a shining white round tower that dominates the beach of Marina di Massa.

Parents can relax free of worry at home in the knowledge that their offspring are being cared for by a huge staff of trained men and women.

Inside the holiday tower is a spiral ramp, a third of a mile long, giving access to the semi-circular dormitories, a concert hall, and a picture show.

There is a full story, and pictures, about this Italian tower of bambinos in A.M., on sale on Tuesday.

want it—and now I feel as if it had been stolen from me."

"The unattainable always holding the more attraction?"

"No, I was attracted long before it was unattainable. I shouldn't be so disappointed now if I had only given in to my first impulse."

"And why didn't you?"

"Oh—I shan't have to explain when you see my flat. It's all—so perfect. Exactly the kind of home I'd always planned down to the tiniest detail like—the thing for taking the stones out of cherries."

He looked at her strangely, but he didn't smile. She was compelled to go on talking, to tell him everything now that he knew a little.

"Those newspaper stories about me, when the play made a hit at the beginning—they were all true up to a point. I had lived with my family, quietly, in the country. I had a stepmother. But there was no friction of the usual kind. We were really friendly, in a polite way. But she thought I was so odd."

"She was always saying, 'Maggy, dear, what do you find to write about?' or 'All that reading can't be good for your eyes—won't you go to the Dawsons' for tennis?' She was

always arranging things for me, always worrying at me because I wasn't sociable as she understood it. She couldn't leave me alone!"

They were in the lift now, and she groped in her bag for the tiny latchkey. "When I wasn't working out story plots, I'd make plans about getting away, being independent—I'd draw sketches of the kind of house I'd like to live in, if I could live in it alone. And lists of all the labor-saving equipment, so that I needn't even have a scrubbing-woman unless I wanted."

Almost with defiance, she threw open the door on the cherry carpet and pale woodwork. "And now I've got it all, every single thing!"

He followed her into the hall, put his folder on the pedestal beside the bronze Eros. She watched him walk through the curtained doorway.

"The sun had dropped away from the window, and the cream leather armchairs looked cool and deep and inviting. Silhouetted against the light, he said quietly, "Go on."

There was a moment when she heard the pounding of her heart. "That's all," she said carefully.

"I don't think so," he replied.

Her eyes watched her hands as they pulled off her gloves and meticulously straightened the fingers; her whole being was held rigid by his quiet stillness, suspended, waiting.

When it seemed she could bear it no longer, he said gently: "I know what you feel!"

She almost laughed in relief, and tossed her gloves to a chair. "I know what you feel!" As if he could! If he had guessed at even a few of the wild, mad hopes that had chased through her mind as she stood there so calmly smoothing her gloves! Her dreams of the unattainable . . .

"Excuse me," she smiled. "The ice . . ." Walking past him towards the kitchen, she was halted by his touch on her bare arm. The smiling mask dropped from her face as he turned her to him.

"Dear lonely little Maggy," he said, and she sobbed even as he kissed her.

"But how did you know?" she demanded a long time later.

The evening was golden behind his head, and he grinned at her as he tinkled the ice in his glass.

"I didn't. I imagined you were afraid of me . . ."

"Oh, I was!" she interrupted.

Until this afternoon, when, for one moment, you forgot to be scared and formal and told me about your love-seat." He kissed her again gently to close her lips. "There were tears in your eyes—did you know that?—and I knew they weren't for any antique bit of furniture you hadn't been able to buy, but for something it had symbolised. I thought I knew what you wanted and that I could give it you. Of course, I shall buy you a love-seat, too, if you really want one."

She looked at him, at the thin face divided by a cleft between the brows and dominated by the bony ridge of his nose.

My darling, she said in her mind, if the world fell away from us at this moment, taking everything with it but you, I'd still be completely, completely happy.

She laughed softly in her throat. "I can live without an old love-seat," she said.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 10, 1953

The Colored Coat

Here is one of winter's prettiest fashions — the colored coat. It is designed to look brilliant against the background of grey winter days and scheduled to travel non-stop into spring's sunshine.



● Jacques Fath's royal scarlet coat, above, is designed on loose-falling lines. A matching belt is slotted through tabs at the waist.



● Balenciaga shows a new silhouette in his mist-blue coat, above. The model is gently belted in front with a fringed sash. The back is full from the shoulder.



● Norman Hartnell's slim-line coat, above, made in orchid-pink wool. The model is finished with a high-standing mandarin collar.



● Michael Sherard, of London, designed the wrap-over coat, above. It is made in watermelon-pink mohair wool. Note the deep shoulder folds.



● Lemon-yellow velour cloth is used for the model above, designed by Alex Maguy. The elegant lines of the coat fall close to the lines of the body by virtue of simple and perfect cut. The coat is finished with a round white pique collar and deep pockets and worn with a tiny white hat banded in lemon.



It's Good



and it's good to eat often!

NO WONDER THE WORLD SAYS

I PREFER NESTLÉ'S



UNWANTED HAIR vanishes without a shadow



NEW hair-removing cream is odourless ... pleasant to use!

Remove unwanted hair (on face, legs, arms or underarms) with DELILAH — painlessly and completely! DELILAH is a new, improved hair-removing cream which, unlike old-fashioned preparations, is odourless and pleasant to use. Your skin is left clear, soft and smooth ... and you'll find DELILAH is the most delightful, effective hair remover you have ever used.

DELILAH
Odourless Hair Remover
A happy preparation. At all Stores, Chemists and Beauty Salons.



NEVER put a razor to your tender skin... Use DELILAH — it beautifies safely, surely.

N. 1791-B

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

Variety in maternity fashions ... The dress and interchangeable jacket ... The stole for camouflage ... The importance of color.

MATERNITY styles have reached a high point in fashion. They are no longer regarded by the designer or the wearer as a garment "styled with waist expansion." At a period of life when fit is more difficult than at any other time, designers have given the expectant mother a wide variety of fashions. She can be both fashionable and comfortable.

The selection and teaming of color are an important part of the plan; so is the choice of material. Modern man-made fibres offer much to the practical side of maternity fashion.

The most popular and successful current silhouette is a slim, sheath-like slip dress, crossed at the back, worn with a separate jacket.

This dress and jacket pair have multiple duties and can be paired for many occasions and at all hours from morning to night.

The trio illustrated at right are a perfect example.

The two jackets, one designed for late day and the other (trimmed with contrast) for day wear, are styled to be worn over the basic sheath. The result is a whole daytime wardrobe.

The trio can further change their appearance and character with the use of different accessories.

Miracles can be worked with a change of hat and costume jewellery or by a pair of colored shoes and matching bag and gloves.

Illustration: Black sheath dress, one jacket in rose-pink and one in sun-warmed beige, costume jewellery gold, hat a tiny pull-on shape printed with pink and beige rosebuds.

(Note: The hat made in printed dress fabric is new.)

Second illustration: Same basic dress and jackets with black hat, and the gloves, bag, and shoes in poppy-red.

An alternative fashion and one often preferred by the shorter woman is the companion costume of dress and full-length coat, the dress crossed at the back, the coat designed on straight, loose lines.

Such an ensemble is devised by bringing together related as well as unrelated materials. Tweed can be paired with the finest wool, and heavy fleece with rayon mixtures.

Because the basic lines are simple, color and trimming become important factors.

New trims to consider include jewelled centre buttons, rib-knit bands at neckline and cuff edges, colored braids and contrast embroideries and color accents.



D.S. 42.—Maternity dress and two jackets. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material for dress, 2yds. 36in. material plus 1yd. of contrast material for long-sleeved jacket, and 2yds. 36in. material for short-sleeved jacket. Price complete, 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Lastly, don't forget the fashion for a stole. It is at the peak of its importance; it can be used as chic camouflage and gives an entirely new flavor to maternity clothes.

Readers' problems

HERE are some readers' problems taken from this week's fashion mail.

"What is the correct corset to wear during pregnancy? Normally I wear only a girdle."

Most modern stores have a complete selection of all maternity needs, including garments designed to give the necessary support without excess weight and bulk. The wise thing for you to do is to visit the corset department of your favorite city store and be advised by a salesgirl trained to know the correct garment for your needs.

"My problem is a maternity dress to wear during August and then on into spring."

My suggestion for a two-season maternity dress is a printed crepe. Choose a dark background printed in a small

design. The ensemble—it can be one or two piece—could be an under-coat fashion for cold weather and without the coat it could be worn well into spring and early summer. For present wear have the outfit detailed with black velvet. Later the velvet could be replaced by white pique.

"I am going on a holiday to the coast of Queensland and would like an idea for a maternity bathing suit that would also be suitable for sunbaking."

A simply detailed swimsuit with a playsuit look topped by a brief matching coat would be a perfect maternity swim-sun-play ensemble for a seaside resort. Illustrations: One-piece swimsuit, combining tailored shorts, flattering empire midriff and halter top, made in a dark Persian-motif cotton, complete with a matching short-sleeved thigh-length coat with a mandarin neckline or a swimsuit in pale brown print shadowed in black with a matching hip-length coat cut completely straight with triangular inserts under the arms—the coat lined with white terry cloth.

After 25 drying skin begins to SHOW!

It's noticeable how skin begins to look drier after 25. Then, natural skin softening oil starts decreasing. Then, you need a special replacer to offset this drying out. You need Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream. See below how this quick under-drier works to soften and repair two common dry skin troubles. Begin to get this wonderful help now!



Cross-cross lines under eyes will print themselves in, if your skin is dry, papery.

To smooth—Cream-over those tiny dry lines nightly with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Tap cream very gently inward from outside eye-angles to nose. Feel, see how your dry, papery skin soaks up this cream's moisture.



Little dry skin puckers under lip, make your mouth look "set," older.

To relax—Always at bedtime help supply this dry skin with softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream, smoothing in well from centre of lip out and up to corners. Feel it begin to soften your dry skin right away.

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective: 1. It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a softening emulsifier. At night: Work Pond's Dry Skin Cream in richly over face and throat. By day: Use lightly under make-up. Start this remarkable correction of your Dry Skin today!

La Comtesse Alain de la Falaize says: "Always it amazes me how quickly Pond's Dry Skin Cream softens skin that feels dry or a bit roughened. I think it is a masterpiece." PD22

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go.

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel up and up. Get a package to-day.

Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store right away. A51

MAKES HAIR LUSTROUS Restore softness and sheen, and protect the life of your hair with

MODE-OLENE HAIR VITALIZER

Available in handy tubes at chemists', hairdressers' and stores.

day I'll be glad to get back home."

"How long have you been here?"

"Five months."

"Do you know many people in England?"

"Not many," said the pilot. "But that doesn't worry me. I don't know many people in Australia."

"Are you alone on board now?"

"That's right," he said. "She's all right for two, but you're on top of each other all the time. I generally cruise alone."

"Would you like to come and have supper with us, in Eudine?" she asked. "There's only my uncle and me—he's a retired captain, R.N."

He hesitated. "It's very kind of you to ask me," he said. "What about the food, though?"

"That's all right," she said. "We've got a lot of tins."

"Shall I bring my ham?" he suggested.

"We couldn't eat your ham," she said. "We'll be all right. There's heaps to eat on board."

"I'd better bring the ham," he said. "It'll go bad if it's not eaten. The last one did."

She was startled, and a little shocked. "Went bad?"

"I couldn't get through it," he explained. "I had to throw half of it away."

What was normal to him seemed an inconceivable blunder to her. "If that's what's going to happen we'd better help you eat it," she said firmly. "Let's have a look at it."

Down in the saloon they held a small conference over the ham, an enormous mass of meat to her. "How big is it—Nigger?" she asked.

He smiled. "Eighteen pounds—Rosemary."

"Whatever are you going to do with it? It'll take you months to get through that alone."

He looked puzzled. "I don't think so. One eats a pound or so a day. The other only went bad because I was away. You couldn't possibly eat that!"

"Why—I should think so. Look, that bit that's cut—that was supper last night and breakfast this morning."

"Just you alone?" He nodded, and she stared at the gap; what he said was probably true. "I suppose we don't eat so much meat in England," she said.

"Too right," he remarked, dryly. "I've noticed that already."

They wrapped the ham up and took it up into the cockpit. "How long have you been working at the Palace?" he asked.

"Three years," she said. "Like it?"

She nodded. "One feels so much in the centre of things. It would be awfully flat working anywhere else, after being there."

He said curiously, "Do you see much of the Queen?"

She laughed. "Not me. Miss Porson takes her letters, if she ever wants to write one herself, to be typed. Mostly she writes in her own hand, or else one of the secretaries writes for her." She paused. "I've seen her often enough, of course—taking things to Major Macmahon when he's in with her, or passing in the corridor. I don't think she knows my name."

"What's she like?" he asked. "I've only seen her on the pictures."

"You'll be meeting her before long, of course," she said. "She's much smaller than you'd think from photographs." She stared out across the harbor. "She's a very wonderful person," she said quietly. "She's got such courage..."

"Courage?"

"That's what I said." She turned to him, smiling a little. "We're gossiping too much," she said. "That's one of the things we have to learn in our job—not to gossip about our

bettors. And when I say better, I mean better."

She turned to her boat. "Come over about six o'clock," she said. "Uncle Ted wants to go on shore first, but we'll be back by then. I think I'll make some ham toast of this ham. I won't take too much."

She rowed off in her dinghy and David watched her thread her way between the yachts and climb up on to the deck of the yawl.

He rowed across later in the evening, and was met by the uncle, a man of about seventy, still lean and athletic, called Captain Osborne. He greeted the Australian warmly, and offered him a drink, but the pilot refused. "I don't at all," he said. "I never have. But please don't let me stop you."

From the saloon Rosemary said, "I've got some tomato juice. I could make you a tomato juice cocktail."

"I'd like that." So they sat in the cockpit while the girl cooked dinner, appearing now and then for a glass of sherry with the men and going down again, while the captain drank pink gins and David drank tomato juice.

For half an hour they chatted. Then his host said, "There's one thing about Australia I wish you'd tell me. How does your multiple vote work? It's quite an issue here in England, as perhaps you know."

The pilot raised his eyebrows. "I didn't know that. You don't have it, do you?"

"No. How does it work out in practice?"

"I don't really know," said David. "I've never thought about it much."

CAPTAIN OSBORNE asked, "Have you got more than one vote yourself?"

The pilot nodded. "I'm a three-vote man."

"I hope you don't mind me asking these questions," the captain said. "It really is getting rather important now in England."

"I don't mind," David said. "The only thing is, I'm afraid I don't know much about it. I've never bothered."

"What do you get your three votes for?" the captain asked.

"Basic, education, and foreign travel."

"The basic vote—that's what everybody gets, is it?"

"That's right," the pilot said. "Everybody gets that at the age of twenty-one."

"And education?"

"That's for higher education," David said. "You get it if you take a university degree. There's a whole list of other things you get it for, like being a solicitor or a doctor. Officers get it when they're commissioned. That's how I got mine."

"And foreign travel?"

"That's for earning your living outside Australia for two years. It's a bit of a racket, that one, because in the war a lot of people got it for their war service. I got mine that way. I didn't know anything about the Philippines, really, when I came away, although I'd been there for three years, off and on."

"You had a wider outlook than if you'd stayed at home," the captain said. "I suppose that's worth something."

"I suppose it is."

"So you've got three votes. How does that work out in practice at an election?"

"You get three voting papers given to you, and fill in all three, and put them in the box," the pilot said.

"You're on the register as having three votes?"

"That's right. You have to register again when you get an extra vote—produce some sort of a certificate."

They sat in silence for a time, looking out over the

crowded harbor in the sunset light. Rosemary came to the saloon ladder and spoke up to them. "You can get more votes than three, can't you?" she said. "Is it seven?"

David glanced down at her. "The seventh is hardly ever given," he said. "Only the Queen can give that."

She nodded. "I know. We get them coming through the office. I should think there must be about ten a year."

"The others are straightforward," David said. "You get a vote if you raise two children to the age of fourteen without a divorce. That's the family vote."

"You can't get it if you're divorced?" asked Rosemary smiling.

"No. That puts you out."

"Do you both get it?"

"Husband and wife both get it," David said.

"What's the fifth one?" asked the captain.

"The achievement vote," said David. "You get an extra vote if your personal exertion income—what you call earned income—what you call earned

income here—if that was over something or other in the year before the election—five thousand a year, I think. I don't aspire to that one. It's supposed to cater for the man who's got no education and has never been out of Australia and quarrelled with his wife, but built up a big business. They reckon that he ought to have more say in the affairs of the country than his junior tyrist."

"Maybe. And the sixth?"

"That's if you're an official of a church. Any recognised Christian church—they've got a list of them. You don't have to be a minister. I think churchwardens get it as well as vicars, but I'm really not quite sure. What it boils down to is that you get an extra vote if you're doing a real job for a church."

"That's an interesting one."

"It's never interested me much," said the pilot. "I suppose I'm not ambitious. But I think it's quite a good idea, all the same."

"So that's six votes," Captain Osborne said. "The basic vote, and education, and foreign travel, and the family vote, and the achievement vote, and the church vote. What's the seventh?"

"That's given at the Queen's pleasure," said David. "It's more like a decoration. You get it if you're such a hell of a chap that the Queen thinks you ought to have another vote."

"Aren't there any rules about getting it?"

"I don't think so," said the pilot. "I think you just get it for being a good boy."

From the cabin hatch Rosemary said, "That's right, Uncle Ted. It's given by a Royal Charter in each case." She added, "I'm just dishing up."

They went down into the cabin of the yawl and sat down to the ham toast. For a time they talked about yachts and the Solent, and of Rosemary's cooking, and of English food, but Captain Osborne was absent-minded. Presently he brought the conversation back to the Australian system of voting. "About this multiple voting," he said. "They do it in New Zealand too, don't they?"

"I think they do," said David. "Yes, I'm pretty sure they do."

"They do it in Canada," said Rosemary. "Most of the Commonwealth countries have the multiple vote in one form or another, except England."

David smiled. "You're pretty conservative here."

The naval officer nodded slowly. "Yes," he said. "We don't take up new things like

that till they're well proved." He paused, and then he said, "Of course, you've got your States. You can try a thing like that out in your State elections, and see how it goes."

"That's how women got the vote in the Commonwealth," Rosemary said. "New Zealand started it, in 1893, and then South Australia gave women the vote in 1894. When the Australian Federal constitution was drafted in 1902 they gave women the vote. They didn't get it in England till 1918."

David stared at her. "Is that right? Where did you get that from?"

"It's right enough," the girl said coolly. "I did History at Oxford, and women take an interest in the women's vote. But it was the same with the secret ballot in elections. South Australia started that in 1856, but English voters didn't get a secret ballot till 1872."

"Some time like that," the pilot said. "A bit before my time, and I never did much history. I remember when the multiple vote started, though. It was when I was in Townsville, in 1963. They brought it in for Western Australia."

"Why did Western Australia start it?" asked Rosemary. "Why not New South Wales or Queensland?"

"I don't know," said David. "Labor was very much against it."

"They're against it here," said Captain Osborne dryly.

"Western Australia was always pretty Liberal," the pilot said. "People had been talking about multiple voting for a long time before that. I reckon it was easier to get it through in Western Australia."

"How did it come to be taken up by the other States, if Labor was so much against it?" asked Rosemary.

"Aw, look," said David. "Western Australia was walking away with everything. We got a totally different sort of politician when we got the multiple vote. Before that, when it was one man one vote, the politicians were all tub-thumping nonentities and union bosses. Sensible people didn't stand for Parliament, and if they stood they didn't get in. When we got multiple voting we got a better class of politician altogether, people who got elected by sensible voters."

He paused. "Before that, when a man got elected to the Legislative Assembly, he was an engine driver or a dock laborer, maybe. He got made a minister and top man of a government department. Well, he couldn't do a thing. The public servants had him all wrapped up, because he didn't know anything."

"And after the multiple voting came in, was it different?"

"My word," said the Australian. "We got some real men in charge. Did the Public Service catch a cold? Half of them were out on their ear within a year, and then Western Australia started getting all the coal and all the industry away from New South Wales and Victoria. And then these chaps who had been running Western Australia started to get into Canberra. In 1973, when the multiple vote came in for the whole country, sixty per cent of the Federal Cabinet were Western Australians. It got so they were running everything."

"Because they were better people?" asked the captain.

"That's right," the pilot paused. "It was that multiple voting made a nation of Australia, I think," he said. "Before then we weren't much, no more than England."

Miss Long laughed. "Thanks." He was confused. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean it that way."

To page 38

Witness one of the world's most colourful pageants



Kandyan chief and his retinue

CEYLON

in August

At Kandy in August you will be thrilled by the most spectacular Buddhist pagant in the world—the famous Perahera.

Hundreds of richly-caparisoned elephants; thousands of flaming torches; the music of tinkling cymbals; picturesque, bejewelled dancers—truly awe-inspiring splendour you will never forget for the rest of your life.

Here is glamour at its grandest—yet another reason why you should holiday in the supremely beautiful Island of Ceylon.



Free Literature and Maps

may be obtained from Australian Travel, Shipping and Airline Agents or by writing direct to the Government Tourist Bureau, Eastern Bank Building, Colombo.

CT.14.10

LABORATORY TESTS PROVE—

EGGS

are the perfect all-round food!



B16-6

'Surely some antiseptics are better than others?'

Of course there are differences. Yet it is not by mere chance that Dettol is used and recommended by almost every doctor in Australia.



DETTOL

The Modern Antiseptic

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

SA17

"It's all right," she said. "I've never yet met anybody who could defend our way of doing things."

She switched the conversation, and began to talk about boats; no more was said of politics. Later in the evening, when he said good-night to go back to his own vessel, the captain stayed below and Rosemary went up on deck to see the pilot into his dinghy. The moon was rising over the little town; the harbor bathed in silvery light reflected from the water. The pilot stood on deck, looking around him at the many yachts, the harbor, and the town. "My word," he said quietly. "It's a beautiful place, this."

Beside him the girl said, "You don't like England much, do you?"

"I don't know," he said quietly. "I love the scenery, like this. I'd always want to come back here again to see what's new in aviation, or in engineering, or techniques." He hesitated. "I don't like what I've seen of the way you govern yourselves. I think a lot of that is obsolete and stupid."

"Maybe some of us think that ourselves," she said. He glanced at her, slim and straight beside him in the moonlight, holding the ham wrapped up in greaseproof paper. He took the ham from her. "Your uncle seemed very interested in our way of voting."

"Yes," she said. "It's coming to be quite an issue here, like the women's vote was back at the beginning of the century. I suppose history's going to repeat itself—it usually does."

We'll end by copying Australia." She turned to him. "Be careful how you go, Nigger," she said. "Some of the politicians don't much care for the Queen's Flight. Be careful not to get mixed up in anything."

He smiled. "I'm here to fly the aeroplane," he said. "I don't intend to get mixed up in British politics."

He stooped and untied the painter of the dinghy. "Thanks for everything, Rosemary," he said. "See you some time at Buck House."

She smiled at him. "Don't go bumping on a rock, or on the Beaulieu spit," she said. "And don't let anybody get you into anything."

"I won't," he said. "Good-night, Rosemary."

She said, "Good-night, Nigger."

David took delivery of the Australian Ceres for the Queen's Flight in September, a fortnight after Dewar had taken over the Canadian one. Before delivery both crews had put in a month of intensive work upon the crew trainer, a full-scale representation of the flight deck of a Ceres set up by the manufacturers in a vacant hangar; when the time came to take over the aircraft and to fly it away from Hatfield the crew knew their job.

Besides familiarisation training with the aircraft, the crew had to be trained to work as a team in radar-controlled landing carried out in fog or bad weather. They were all experienced individually; indeed their experience of bad weather

flying had been one of the chief factors in their selection for the Queen's Flight, but now they had to be exercised together on the Ceres till they could put it down upon the runway accurately and safely in the thickest fog, at night. They did this at the B.O.A.C. training aerodrome at Hurn, in Hampshire; twice a week they would fly down there to practise their blind landings all night long. Being members of the Royal Australian Air Force no civil certificates were issued to them, but Group-Captain Cox kept them at it till he was assured that they were equal to the best B.O.A.C. pilots in this technique. Throughout their time in the Queen's Flight they went to Hurn for a refresher course once a month, whenever they were in England.

It was the Queen's wish that year to spend late autumn in Canada, and it was proposed that she should leave England in the Canadian Ceres on the evening of the twelfth of November and fly direct to Edmonton to open the Clearwater hydro-electric scheme, a flight of about eight hours, go on to Vancouver for a few days' holiday and then back to Ottawa. It seemed desirable to make a trial flight over this route before starting with the Queen, and the Canadian machine was quickly prepared to make this flight, carrying the Australian crew as passengers for general experience.

Before this trial flight took place, the crews of the Queen's Flight were plagued with visitors, exalted personages who took the afternoon off from their offices to motor down to White Waltham in the fine autumn weather to see the new machines. The High Commissioners were fair enough, because they after all had paid for the aeroplanes as representatives of their countries. Air Chief-Marshal Sir William Bradbury came frankly for the drive in the country, and said so. So did eight civil servants from various ministries on eight separate visits, but they did not say so. All these people had to be entertained. Finally Frank Cox received a telephone call from the Secretary of State for Air, Lord Coles of Northfield, to say that he was coming down that afternoon.

He broke the news to the Canadian and Australian captains. "Lord Coles is coming down this afternoon."

"For the love of Pete," said Wing-Commander Dewar, "what's it got to do with him? We aren't in his parish."

"I am," said Cox. "So is the aerodrome."

"Well, hell," said the Canadian. "Let him inspect you and the aerodrome and leave us be. I've got the radar schedule three to do this afternoon. I can't have people in and out of the machine."

"He'll have to look at Nigger's aircraft," said Cox. "I'll tell him yours is just the same."

"Who is Lord Coles?" asked David. "Apart from being Secretary of State for Air?"

"Shop steward at an iron foundry," said Dewar. "He's been a good union man, and got to be head of the Royal Air Force."

David's lips tightened, but Frank Cox was there, and the Australians and Canadians were careful not to say what they might think about the British system of government. He turned to the Group-Captain. "I can show them Tare," he said. "The upholsterers are in the port cabin, and they're checking the flap indicators, but that doesn't matter." They spoke of the Canadian and Australian machines as Sugar and Tare respectively, from the last let-

Continuing . . . In The Wet

from page 37

ters of the registration call signs.

The Group-Captain nodded. "I'll keep him in my office for a few minutes when he arrives, and send a message over—you'll be on the aircraft? Come over to the office and we'll show him the machine together. Better warn Ryder." Flight-Lieutenant Ryder was the Australian second pilot of Tare.

David was working with his crew on the machine when he saw the telephone girl crossing the floor of the hangar to him, in the middle of the afternoon. He went to meet her. "Want me?"

She said, "The Group-Captain said I was to tell you that the Prime Minister is in his office with Lord Coles."

David started. "Iorwerth Jones?"

"Yes, sir. The Prime Minister."

"Tell him I'll be there in just a minute. I'd better wash my hands." As he did so, he speculated glumly on the afternoon before him. The Prime Minister of England had never been out of England but for one short holiday at Dinard, and he thought little of the Commonwealth; in return, the Commonwealth thought little of him. Born in a Welsh mining valley, he had worked as a miner for some years and as a youth had been a member of the Party; Communism was no longer politically expedient in England since the Russian war, and he had long abandoned it, but the class hatred of his youth still hung around him and influenced all that he did. In energy and in intellectual capacity he was a giant, a head and shoulders above the remainder of his Cabinet. He had sat in Parliament representing South Cardiff for twenty years, and he would sit there till he died.

DAVID went into the Group-Captain's office and was introduced. He had not met either of the two visitors before, though he had seen pictures and movies of the Prime Minister many times and was familiar with the broad, white face, the iron-grey shock of hair, and the glowering eyes. He did not know Lord Coles at all, and found him to be a tubby, rubicund little man who liked his beer and carpet slippers and who knew absolutely nothing about aircraft or the Royal Air Force.

After the introductions, David said, "Tare is all ready, sir. There are men working in her; shall I get them out of the machine?"

Lord Coles said quickly, "Working bonus or piece work?"

David glanced at him uncertainly. Frank Cox said, "No, sir—they work time rate on the maintenance."

The Secretary of State for Air was pleased. "Eh, then, give them a stand easy," he said. They went out into the hangar.

The hangar doors were open, and Tare stood just inside, a great smooth gleaming mass of bright duralumin, white painted on the upper surfaces. Outside on a concrete circle off the runway Sugar stood lined up upon the radar target on a mast a mile away upon the far side of the field. It was easier to see the shape and lines of the machine upon the distant aircraft, the delta wing, the long protruding nose, the buried engines indicated by the air inlets. The two officers stood for five minutes describing the form of the machines and their general characteristics to their guests, as they had so often had to describe them before, and

as they talked they knew that what they said meant very little to these politicians. Once, when they said that the range of the machine was about eight thousand nautical miles, the Secretary of State for Air asked if that was far enough to take the machine to Aden without landing. They told him that it could safely fly as far as Colombo without landing and still have a forty per cent reserve of fuel, and he asked if Colombo was further than Aden.

This was all normal to the officers, and they turned to the aircraft in the hangar. Before going up the gangway into it, the two politicians withdrew a little from the officers and stood looking at it together, talking in low tones. Then Mr. Jones summoned the Group-Captain and said, "What did this damn nonsense cost?"

The Group-Captain said, "The aircraft, sir? I'm afraid I couldn't tell you that exactly. The High Commissioners handle the accounts. I think the machines cost about four hundred thousand pounds each, but I'm afraid that's only rumor."

The Prime Minister turned quickly to David. "Do you know what this cost?"

"No, sir," said the Australian. "I don't know anything about that side of it. It's not my business."

Mr. Iorwerth Jones stared at David. "What's your position in this thing? Who pays you?"

"I'm an officer of the Royal Australian Air Force, sir," the pilot said evenly. "I'm paid by the Federal Government."

"How many of you are there here, paid by Australia?"

"Eight, sir—counting myself. That's the aircrew."

"How many people are there here paid by the British Government?"

Group-Captain Cox said, "Myself and the telephone girl, sir. The High Commissioners for Canada and for Australia are meeting the whole of the expenses of the Flight, except those which pertain expressly to the Royal Household."

"It seems to me a blasted waste of money," said the Prime Minister. "If the Queen wants to go to Australia she can book a seat on the air line like everybody else, or go by sea."

There was an awkward silence. Lord Coles broke it by saying, "Well, let's have a look at it now we're here. It won't take long."

"The gangway is just here, sir," said David, frigidly polite. Inwardly he was furious, but he did not quite know why. He had the good sense not to show his anger, but commenced upon his description of the aircraft, now so often repeated to officials that it had degenerated into a sort of patter. He showed them everything inside the fuselage, from the luggage compartment in the tail to the radar compartment in the nose. The Prime Minister found nothing to his taste.

"Waste of the working man's money," he said once.

He paused once at the entrance to the Royal cabin, quietly furnished in dove-grey fabrics and silky oak veneers. "I know who put them up to this," he said. "That damned old fool Bob Menzies. He's the nigger in the woodpile. He'll have to learn to keep his nose out of what doesn't concern him."

David said quietly, "I don't know anything about it, but I'm sure you're wrong. Sir Robert Menzies retired from politics when I was a boy. He's a very old man, about eighty-five. He couldn't have had anything to do with the decision to provide this aircraft."

"Don't you give me that," said the Prime Minister. "I know his stink."

The wonders of design meant nothing to these men. In the pilot's cockpit the Secretary of State for Air said, "Where d'you keep the Verrey pistol?"

Vague memories of the equipment of early Army co-operation aircraft came to the pilot's mind. "Verrey pistol? We don't carry one of those."

"How do you signal to the folks on the ground, if you want to come down, like?"

"I don't think you'd do that, sir. We've got plenty of radio."

It was difficult to commence from the beginning, to explain that travelling at fifty thousand feet no pyrotechnic would be seen, that an aircraft of that nature could not land in any field.

"You should 'ave a Verrey pistol," said the Secretary of State. "See he gets a Verrey pistol, Cox."

"Very good, sir."

Lord Coles turned to Mr. Jones. "You got to look after things yourself," he said. "If I'd not come this afternoon they might 'ave gone without a Verrey pistol."

At last the visitors departed to drive back to London in their official car, and David was left in the office with his Group-Captain. For a minute each found it difficult to make the first remark. At last Frank Cox said dully, "I'll see if I can get a Verrey pistol for you, Nigger. They might have one in the Army."

David smiled. "Cheer up," he said. "We've people like that in Australia."

"Maybe," said the Group-Captain. "But not as Secretary of State for Air."

There did not seem to be anything useful to be said between the Australian and the Englishman, and David found it equally difficult to discuss the events of the afternoon with Dewar when he came in from the radar check on Sugar. He went back to his office and sat in troubled thought for half an hour. Then he lifted the telephone and asked the girl to get Miss Long in the Assistant Secretary's office at the Palace.

She came on the line presently. "Miss Long," he said. "This is Nigger Anderson."

"Hullo, Nigger," she said. "Where are you speaking from?"

"White Waltham," he said. "We've just had Lord Coles down with the Prime Minister to have a look at the machines."

"Oh . . ." she said. "I don't think Major Macmahon knew that."

He said, "Will you have dinner with me? I want to talk to you."

"About your little friends, Nigger?"

"Yes."

"I don't know that you'd better."

"I don't want to talk very much. Just one or two questions that I think I ought to know the answers to. We might have dinner at the R.A.C. and go out to a picture afterwards."

She said, "I'd love to do that, but I don't know that I'm going to answer any questions. We don't gossip in this servant's hall, you know. When do you want to meet me?"

"To-morrow night?"

"I'm free to-morrow night."

They fixed the time, and rang off.

They met next night in the ladies' annexe of the club. He went forward to meet her. "It was good of you to come," he said. "I don't know that I've really got much to worry you about." He helped her out of her coat, and ordered a dry sherry and a tomato juice cocktail. "I've been looking at the 'movies," he said. "Have you

To page 39



"I was getting nowhere in my job. My head hearing slowed me down. I had to cover up the disability at every turn. When a junior was promoted over my head, I decided to do something about it. I saw Angus & Cootie and bought their amazing Acousticon hearing aid. Soon I discovered I could hear everything again. People stopped shouting at me."

Things improved at the office—and at home. My Acousticon has paid for its small cost over and over again."

ACOUSTICON

is a tiny, but wonderfully efficient hearing aid, developed over a period of 50 years by English and American scientists. It is effective for almost any degree of deafness.

Angus & Cootie

500 George Street, SYDNEY. MA 4791

MAIL THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEAREST ANGUS & COOTE BRANCH

Please send me without obligation

• Information about Acousticon Hearing Aid ☐

• Details of deferred payment purchase plan ☐

Please indicate information required by marking squares.

Name _____

Address _____

SYDNEY: Angus & Cootie Pty. Ltd., 500 George Street
NEWCASTLE: Marine House, 82 Scott Street
MELBOURNE: Wentworth House, 203 Collins Street
ADELAIDE: Liberal Club Building, 175 North Terrace
BRISBANE: 134 Elizabeth Street
HOBART: 74 Harrington Street
PERTH: Angus & Cootie Pty. Ltd., 254 Murray Street

WA 4791
8 238
Cent. 1145
LA 4974
8 637
532
BA 4050

seen "Red Coral" — Judy Marsh?

She shook her head. "They say it's awfully good."

He went to organise the seats, and when he came back to her they talked of unimportant things till it was time for them to go to dinner. The dining-room was fairly full, the tables close together; the girl glanced round her thoughtfully as she sat down. Over the oysters she said, "What's the first question, Commander?"

He smiled. "Can I start off by telling you what happened?"

"If you like," she said. "I probably know most of it. Frank Cox was talking to Major Macmahon this morning, and after that there were some memorandums. Anyway, go ahead and tell me."

He gave her a short account of the events of the afternoon, making his story as dispassionate as he was able. As he talked the girl glanced round the room once or twice. In the end he said, "Well, that's what happened. I didn't like it much."

"No," she replied. "I don't suppose you did."

David sat in thought for a minute. "I can see that there might be difficulties when Canada and Australia come forward to do things for the Crown which England can't afford to do, or doesn't want to do," he said at last. "Small difficulties. But he seemed so vindictive . . ."

He glanced at her. "I know I'm only here to fly the aeroplane. But if this sort of thing is going to happen, I'll have to know the general situation some time or other. I'd rather that you told me." He met her eyes. "Are things getting bad between the Government and the Crown?"

She glanced around the crowded room again. "I can't possibly discuss that, Nigger," she said. "At any rate, not here."

"I don't want to press you to answer that," he said. "But I can tell you this, I'm going to find out how matters stand." He paused. "She's my Queen as well as yours," he said.

"She's Queen of Australia as well as Queen of England. My Government have sent me here to work for her, to work for our Queen. I'll have to know a little about her difficulties."

She said, "Did anybody brief you when you took this job?"

He shook his head. "They should have told you. Something of this sort was bound to happen sooner or later."

"I can find out," he said. "I can go moping round and listening to tittle-tattle, and putting two and two together. I'll get to know what's going on in no time. But I'd rather that you told me candidly, because you know."

"I'm not going to talk about it any more," she said. "There's John Llewellyn Davies sitting at the next table but one, and Henry Forbes over there. Let's talk about something different."

The names meant nothing to him, but he smiled, and said, "All right."

Over the coffee in the lounge she said, "Are you very keen to see this movie?"

"Not particularly," he replied. "Do you want to do something else?"

"I've got a flat up on the top floor of a house in Dover Street," she said. "We could talk up there."

They left the club and walked along Pall Mall and up St. James's Street. As they went, she asked, "Did you ever read much history?"

He shook his head. "No. All my schooling was done with a view to getting into the Air Force. It didn't leave much time for history."

She walked on in silence for a few minutes. Then she said, "It's a pity that something

Continuing . . . In The Wet

from page 38

always has to be left out."

"Too right," he replied. "It's always that one that turns out to be important in the end."

They came to Dover Street, and she let herself into a doorway with a key, between a hairdresser's shop and a chemist. The entrance was well carpeted and decorated because it led to the studio of a photographer on the first and second floor; above that the decoration deteriorated. On the top floor she opened another door and they entered her sitting-room; another door led out of that to bedroom, kitchenette, and bathroom.

She crossed to the fireplace and lit two reading lamps beside the two chintz-covered armchairs. "Sit down and make yourself at home," she said. "I won't be a minute." She went into the bedroom and reappeared without her coat. "Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Not if it's got to be made," he said.

She smiled. "I've got a lot of my breakfast coffee in the percolator. It'll heat up all right."

He went through to the kitchenette with her, and watched her as she made her small preparations. "You've got a nice little place here," he said. "It's not bad," she agreed. "It's very central, and it's handy for the Palace. I just walk across the Park. I've been here for three years."

He stood watching her slim grace as she made coffee for him, wondering how old she was. Twenty-six or twenty-seven probably, he thought; she wore no rings. She looked up presently and handed him a steaming cup and took her own, and went with him into the sitting-room. She turned on one element of an electric stove, and they sat down in the armchairs.

Presently she said, "You'll have to understand the general situation, David. If you understand that thoroughly, I don't think there'll be any need for us to talk about the details, because you'll understand those, too—as much as you'll need to. What's the population of Australia?"

"About twenty-seven million, I think," he replied. "It goes up every year."

She nodded. "I think that's about right. Canada has about thirty-two million people, and she's still increasing fast. Britain has thirty-eight million people, and she's still going down, decreasing at the rate of nearly a million a year."

"That's right," he said. "As I understand it, about three hundred thousand immigrants a year come from England to Australia and New Zealand, about four hundred thousand go to Canada, and the rest go to Africa and the colonies."

"That's right," she said. She paused. "I think the first thing is the sort of people that these immigrants are. A very large proportion of them are politically Right Wing in their views. A man who leaves his country to go to Australia is a man who's taking a gamble on his own ability. He gives up everything he knows, gives up what security he's got at home in England, and he goes to Canada or to Australia to start again. He knows there's nothing like so much welfare in your countries. He knows that if he fails in life he may be much worse off in Canada or in Australia than he would be if he stayed here at home. He goes because he likes that sort of country, where he's got a chance to make a fortune for himself."

"I think that's right," said David. "There aren't a great many enthusiastic Socialists among the immigrants from England."

She nodded. "That's why you've had such a run of Liberal governments in Australia. Let's see—you had a Labor government from 1970 to 1973, and before that there was the Calwell Government, and the Ewart one. I don't believe you've had more than ten years of Labor governments in the last thirty."

"I suppose that's true," said David thoughtfully. The curl behind her ear was fascinating. "You think that's because the immigrants are Liberal?"

"I'm sure of it," she said. "That, and the fact that your country has remained so prosperous. That's partly due to your expanding economy. But here in England the effect has been the opposite. We've only had about ten years of Conservative governments in the past thirty, because all these emigrants who've left for Canada and Australia have been Conservatives at heart. That's the first big difference between this country and Australia, and that colors everything. You're a Right Wing country, and we're a Left Wing."

among the immigrants from England."

She nodded. "That's why you've had such a run of Liberal governments in Australia. Let's see—you had a Labor government from 1970 to 1973, and before that there was the Calwell Government, and the Ewart one. I don't believe you've had more than ten years of Labor governments in the last thirty."

"I suppose that's true," said David thoughtfully. The curl behind her ear was fascinating. "You think that's because the immigrants are Liberal?"

"I'm sure of it," she said. "That, and the fact that your country has remained so prosperous. That's partly due to your expanding economy. But here in England the effect has been the opposite. We've only had about ten years of Conservative governments in the past thirty, because all these emigrants who've left for Canada and Australia have been Conservatives at heart. That's the first big difference between this country and Australia, and that colors everything. You're a Right Wing country, and we're a Left Wing."

HE nodded slowly, looking at her profile as she stared at the electric fire. She had very clean features, with a warm brown tint to her skin that probably came from the Solent.

"I think the historians will say that Socialism has been a good thing for England," she said thoughtfully. "All countries go through good patches and bad patches, and England has been going through a bad patch for the past forty years. It's probably not far from the end now. When we can feed our population things will suddenly improve, and the economists say that's only about five years ahead. Then, maybe, we can try free enterprise again. But in the meantime we've got to work together to get through the mess, and Socialism's probably the best for that."

"That may be so," he said. "But we Australians aren't quite in the same boat."

"You've got to try and understand," she said. "You've got to understand why England has developed differently to your country."

She turned her head to face him. He met her clear grey eyes, and he was suddenly delighted to be sitting here with her engaged in this serious conversation. He was far happier than if he had been at the movies.

"And now you've got to try and understand what an illogical people the English are," she said. "A country so strongly Socialist as England is ought to be a republic. The Crown rules by divine right, and that's still the essence of the Crown's position in this country. That right conflicts entirely with all the principles of a democracy, especially a Socialist democracy. Any other people but the British would have done away with the Crown long ago, but the British aren't like that. They love their Kings and Queens. The British people won't have the Crown touched. When the Bevan Government tried to put the Inland Revenue into Hampden Court in 1960 it brought down the government and the Conservatives got in. It was the Queen who gave up Balmoral and Sandringham for economy, and the British people didn't like that much. The British people are completely Royalist at heart, and yet they're Socialist. It's quite

illogical, but that's the way they are."

He smiled. "It's a good thing for us all that they're like that," he said. "If it wasn't for the Queen, we wouldn't have so much in common with England."

She nodded. "The Old King and the present Queen have been terribly wise," she said. "They've held the Commonwealth together when everything was set for a break-up. They've done a magnificent job, and in England, anyway, they've had a rotten time." She hesitated. "Kings and Queens have an easier time in Right Wing countries," she said. "That's why she gets on so well with your Mr. Hogan, and with Mr. DeLanain in Canada."

He laughed. "And why things aren't so hot with Mr. Iorwerth Jones."

"I didn't say that," she retorted.

"No," he replied. "But I can see it, all the same." He paused. "English scientists, and English engineers, and the Queen," he said. "Those are the things that we like and admire in England. We don't think a fat lot of your governments."

"No . . ." She turned and stared at the fire again. "And now this matter of the voting has come up. You've experimented in your States and found what seems to be a better system of democracy."

He opened his eyes. "Is that making trouble over here?"

"I think it is," she said. "Yes, I think it is." She paused, and then she said, "New Zealanders, and you Australians—you did this once before, when it was Votes for Women. You tried it out in one State and saw it was a success, and then adopted it for the whole country. You put us in a very difficult position over that. And now it's happening again."

He asked, "Is England sorry that she got forced into giving women the vote?"

She smiled. "Of course not. The British people would be very happy with your multiple vote once they got used to it. But it would mean great changes."

"I bet it would," he said cynically. "You wouldn't get a nit-wit like Lord Coles in charge of the Royal Air Force. You might not even have Iorwerth Jones."

"Exactly," she replied. "That's the difficulty that you Australians and Canadians have made for us, as you did over Votes for Women. You can't expect Iorwerth Jones to like you very much."

He raised his head. "Our way of doing it is right," he said. "People like that could hardly get elected to our House of Representatives. They'd never get made ministers."

She smiled at him, and he was glad of it because he was afraid that he might have offended her. "You can't expect Iorwerth Jones to look at it like that. The people have put him where he is upon the one-man-one-vote principle. He believes in that principle because he believes that he's the best man in the country to be Prime Minister. He probably believes this multiple-vote talk to be a Tory trick to get him out of office. He probably believes that Australian and Canadian politicians are backing the Tories to force this voting upon England by pressure from the Commonwealth." She smiled. "On top of that, your Governments must choose this time to go and give aeroplanes and crews to the Queen to make it easy for her to go and spend more time in the Dominions."

"She's our Queen as well as yours," he said. "If she were to spend her time in each of the countries of the Commonwealth proportionate to its white population, she'd only spend about three months of each year in England. If you include the colored peoples, you'd be lucky if you saw her for a fortnight." He paused. "As it is, she hasn't been at Tharwa for two years. Australians feel they aren't getting a square deal."

"She knows that, Nigger," Rosemary said quietly. "She's very well aware of what Australians feel. But she's got difficulties."

"I bet she has," he said thoughtfully. "I wouldn't like her job."

"No," she said. "I sometimes think she's got the beastliest job that any Englishwoman could have."

She got up from her chair. "More coffee?"

He got up with her. "I should be going soon," he said, thinking that perhaps her job required her to be careful of her reputation and that he must help her. "I've asked most of the questions now."

"It's early yet," she said. "Stay and have another cup of coffee. Or there's a bottle of beer, if you'd rather."

He shook his head. "I never take it."

"You don't drink at all, do you?"

He shook his head. "I couldn't afford to when I was a boy. I wanted all my money for books and for club flying."

Then when I got to be a pilot I was glad I'd never started. I think you're just that little bit better if you don't."

"Well, have another cup of coffee. It's quite early."

She went through and switched on the percolator, rinsed out the cups, and made fresh coffee. She carried the cups back into the sitting-room, careful to avoid spilling.

He took his cup from her. "Thanks." And, standing by the stove, he asked, "Where does the Queen stand in this matter of the multiple vote? What does she think about it all?"

The girl laughed. "I don't know, Nigger," she said. "She doesn't confide in me. And if she did, I wouldn't spill the beans to you or anybody else."

He laughed with her. "You don't have any opinions of your own?"

"Not one," she said firmly. "All the opinions that I've got are based on documents with red things stamped across the top, like CONFIDENTIAL, and MOST SECRET, and FOR HER MAJESTY'S HAND ALONE."

"All right," he said. "No more questions. I think you've told me all I want to know."

"I haven't told you anything at all," she said. "We've just been talking about England and why she's different to Australia."

He laughed. "Have it your own way."

They sat down again with

To page 40

It's MOPPING MAGIC!

In the old days you had to stoop and bend and wring your dirty mop out with your hands. Now mopping is easy (almost a pleasure) when you use . . .



THE "K & A" MOP BUCKET



Your hands never touch water — you can use the strongest cleansers and the hottest water and you get your floors cleaner much quicker.

The "K & A" Mop Bucket cuts out all drudgery. No more back-breaking bending or messy wringing. Just a touch of the foot and it's all done for you.

LOOK!

STEEL ROLLERS
Never need replacing.

NO MARK FLAT RIM
No more scratched or heat marked floors.



Only K & A has the patented No Mark Flat Rim and the Steel Rollers—Just two more of the many superior "K & A" features.

OBTAINABLE AT LEADING HARDWARE AND DEPARTMENTAL STORES EVERYWHERE

Kennard & Alderton, 116 City Rd., Darlington, N.S.W.

THE BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN OF ALL!

LIVELY FLAVOUR!

So crisp they rustle out of the packet! So alive with the sweet, full flavour of choicest corn, Kellogg's Corn Flakes disappear like magic!



deep-down-GOODNESS



Nutrition experts say one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you **one third** of your daily food needs. And!—compare the cost of Kellogg's Corn Flakes per serve with that of other foods!

Breakfast need **NOT** be hot to warm you! Human beings take their fuel from energy-giving foods (chiefly carbohydrates) that are burned up in the body. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are extremely rich in carbohydrates—so they give you energy and keep you warm.



24 BIG BREAKFASTS—in every large Packet!



Kellogg's
MOTHER KNOWS BEST

CF52-2

Continuing . . . In The Wet

[from page 39]

their cups of coffee. "You know an awful lot about the woman's vote," he said. "Where did you get all that from—all about Australia and New Zealand?"

"One of the bits of information that one picks up and remembers," she said. "I'm a woman, so I take more interest in that than you would." They smiled. "I did History at Oxford."

"You went to Oxford, did you?"

She nodded. "I was at Somerville."

"Did you get this job from there?" he asked. He wanted to find out how old she was.

"Not quite," she said. "I did a course of shorthand-typing and then got a job in the Foreign Office. I was there two years, and then I heard there was a vacancy in the Secretaries' office, and I went to see Miss Porson and I got it."

His guess had not been very far from the mark; she would be about twenty-seven. He asked, "Is your home in London?"

She shook her head. "My father and mother live outside Oxford, at a place called Boar's Hill. He's a don at New College."

"Do you sail every week-end in the summer?" he asked.

"Whenever I can get away," she said. "I spend one week-end in every four on duty at the Palace. I get Monday off instead. I generally go home those week-ends and come up on Tuesday morning. I'm usually at Itchenor for the others, in the summer, or else out with Uncle Ted."

"It's dingly sailing at Itchenor, isn't it?"

She nodded. "I've got an International fourteen-footer down there that I race with another girl, Sue Collins." She hesitated. "We were very lucky in the crash," she said. "We didn't lose quite all our money. We lost most of it, but not quite all."

"The 1970 crash?"

She nodded. "Most people I know lost everything."

"Was it as bad as that?" he asked. "I was a boy, of course—I've only heard about it vaguely."

"It was bad," she said. "Most people had a little money saved in one form or another up till then—insurance policies or something, but after that I don't think anyone had anything. I don't remember it personally—I was too young. But it was very bad."

"What caused it?" he inquired.

"I think it was the emigration," she said. "When people began emigrating it was all right at first. But then when four or five million people had left England there began to be an empty house in every street, and when that happened houses weren't worth anything any more. Before that, people used to buy their houses—that's the way they saved money. Well, then house property went down to nothing and that money was all lost." She paused. "Office buildings, too—they weren't worth anything with empty offices everywhere. It ended in a general financial crash and everyone lost all their savings."

He nodded slowly. "I don't think we've had anything like that in Australia," he said.

"I don't think you have. You've been very lucky." She smiled at him. "The funny thing is, I don't think it hurt anyone very much. Everyone was in the same boat and the houses were still there, and most people's jobs were still there, too. It meant that the government had to take over all the buildings in the country,

of course, or they'd have fallen down for lack of maintenance. That's why practically every house and office building in the country is government-owned to-day."

"Is that the reason?" he inquired. "I wondered about that. I thought it was just Socialism."

She shook her head. "Actually, I think it was the second Eden Government that did it."

"Are any houses being built in England now?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I don't think there's been a new house built in England for the past ten years."

"We seem to be doing nothing else," he said. "New houses going up everywhere."

"Can anybody build a house?" she asked.

"Why—yes, if you've got the money."

"How much does a new house cost?"

"An ordinary three-bedroomed, small house costs about four or five thousand pounds. That's built in weatherboard, of course."

"What do you have to do to build a house?" she asked.

"How do you get the land?"

He glanced at her. "You just buy it."

"Just like that? Buy it from somebody that owns it himself?"

"That's right."

"And then pay a builder to build the house?"

HE nodded. "If you haven't got the money you go to a building society and borrow part of it. You've got to have some money."

"Can ordinary people save enough for that out of what they earn?" she asked.

"I think so," he replied. "I've saved about two thousand pounds since I joined the Air Force."

She stared at him, amazed. "Two thousand pounds! But how much do you get paid?"

"As a Wing-Commander, with allowances, I get about eighteen hundred a year," he said. "That's two thousand seven hundred sterling in your money."

"But that's half as much again as Frank Cox gets!" she exclaimed.

He grinned. "I didn't know that, but I guessed it." He paused. "It's a pity, but that's the way it is. It's mostly due to the depreciation of your pound."

"You're earning more than double what a Member of Parliament gets in England," she said. "I had no idea Australian officers were paid like that."

"Our members of the House of Representatives get about four thousand, I think," he said. "You see, it's a whole-time job with us, and if you want first-class men to run the country you've got to pay a first-class wage."

"Ours is a whole-time job, too," she said a little sadly. "But we don't pay Members of Parliament like that."

He did not answer her, repressing the comment that came quickly to his mind. They sat sipping their coffee in silence for a time and smoking. "It must be rather fun having a new house that nobody's lived in before," she said at last. "You can have it built just as you want it, I suppose?"

"Of course. Most people build their houses when they get married. They have great fun planning it when they get engaged."

"People do that, do they? Build a new house and get

married into it and start off with everything clean and fresh?"

He nodded. "A lot of people do that. The parents usually help with the cost of it."

"Because the young man hasn't saved up enough money?"

He smiled. "Give him a chance. We marry a good bit younger than you do here."

"How old are people when they marry in Australia?"

"Oh—I don't know," he said. "I think they marry younger than they did when I was a boy. The average young man can afford the expenses of a family by the time he's twenty-four, I think. I'd say that was a likely sort of age."

"And the girl about twenty?"

"I suppose so. I don't really know."

She smiled at him. "It didn't happen to you?"

"It's a bit different with me," he replied, "because of the color." He grinned at her. "I get the money instead."

"I don't believe that's anything to do with it," she said. "You just keep that as an excuse." She paused. "I suppose that explains why your population's going up so fast, if people marry so young."

"I should think so," he replied. "Most families I know seem to have four or five children."

They sat in silence for a minute. "I don't know that I've ever seen a new house," she said at last. "I was just trying to think. I suppose you can have all the modern built-in furnishings and ventilation that you see in American magazines if you build a house for yourself."

He glanced at her. "You must have seen a new house!"

"I suppose I have," she said. "I must have as a child. I can't remember one, though."

"Haven't you seen them abroad?"

"I've only been to France," she said. "It's the exchange difficulty, of course. I think I've seen new houses there."

She turned to him, smiling. "I suppose this all sounds terribly insular to you."

"Different," he said. "All my life I seem to have been on the move. It's like that when you're in a bomber squadron. I've never been in South America or Russia, but I've been to most of the other countries. But one airstrip's just like another, and one Air Force station like the last. I don't think I know half so much about the world as you do sitting here in London. I mean, what makes it tick?"

"I expect you do," she paused and then she said, "I believe I'm going with the Queen to Canada."

"On this next trip—next month?" She nodded. "That'll be fun for you. You'll be going in Sugar with Jim Dewar."

She nodded. "It's not quite certain. But Lord Marlow's getting a bit old and he's not over his operation yet. The Queen said he'd better stay and hold the fort with the Prince of Wales, and she's taking Major Macmahon as secretary. Miss Porson has worked for Lord Marlow for forty years. She's very fit—you'd never think that she was fifty-nine. Miss Turnbull comes next, and she's going with Major Macmahon, and Miss Porson's staying with Lord Marlow and Prince Charles. They want another girl to go to do the donkey work, and Miss Porson asked if I'd like to go with Miss Turnbull."

"That's fine," the pilot said. "You'll have a wonderful time."

"I'll have a lot of hard work

To page 41

at my typewriter in offices where I don't know where anything is," the girl said practically. "I'll be glad if it comes off, of course, because one should get some time off. But it's not in the bag yet. It's got to go before the Queen."

"I shouldn't think there's much for you to worry about," he said. He glanced at her, and as she was looking at the stove he let his gaze dwell for a minute. She was pretty and dignified, and thoughtful, and efficient, and self-effacing; he could not imagine a better member for the Royal party. It was a pity, he thought, that this was going to be Dewar's trip.

Time to go, if he was thinking things like that. He put his cup down and got to his feet. "I'd better be off," he said. "I've got to get down to Maidenhead, and I don't want to be late."

She got to her feet with him. "Why don't you come round to Itchenor in your boat one weekend and have a go in my fourteen-footer?" she suggested. "They're good fun to sail."

"Can I anchor there?" he asked.

"Mooring," she said. "We can fix you up one way or the other. You might have to lie alongside another boat."

"I'd like to do that," he replied, and he was suddenly unreasonably happy. "When are you going to be there?"

"Not this week-end," she said. "I'll be on duty. I'll be going down there to the club next Friday night—Friday of next week."

"We shan't be back from Canada," he said. "We're taking Sugar over on this trial flight. Dewar has timed the take-off for ten o'clock on Thursday morning."

"How long will it take you?" she asked.

"To Edmonton? About seven and a half hours, I think. There's eight hours' time difference, so we'll get there about the time that we took off and have lunch there and get on to Vancouver in the afternoon. We spend the next night there and Friday night at Ottawa, and land back here some time on Sunday morning."

"Do you know all those places?" she asked curiously.

"I've never been to Edmonton. I know Vancouver and Ottawa," he paused. "It's a pity about that week-end," he said. "Will you be going down to Itchenor again? I'd like to have a go on your fourteen-footer."

She turned to a calendar on the mantelpiece. "I'll be down there the following week-end," she said. "After that I'll probably have to lay her up because of going to Canada."

"Can we make a date for that one?" he asked.

"Of course," she said. "Still smoking with the velocity of your flight from Canada."

"We'll have had a week to cool off," he replied. "We'll have to, because I believe the Queen's coming to inspect the Flight on the Wednesday after we get back."

She nodded. "That's right. She's looking forward to that very much. She's been talking a lot about the machines."

"Will you be coming down with her?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I shall be typing in the office. You can tell me about it at Itchenor on Saturday."

He moved towards the door. "I'll do that. Thanks a lot for all you've told me, Rosemary."

"Got all you want to know?" she asked.

He nodded. "I think so."

"That's fine," she said, "because I haven't told you anything. Good-night, Nigger."

"Good-night, Rosemary," he said.

A week later, the Queen's Flight took off from White Waltham for Edmonton upon the training flight arranged.

Continuing . . . In The Wet

from page 40

was forty-five, and had then turned to politics. Auguste Delamain had a fat wife called Marie and eleven children, only two of whom appeared at the lunch table, and he had a fund of amusing anecdotes for the officers.

"Mr. Iorwerth Jones, he is well?" he asked. "Last time I was in England I thought he looks very poorly, and I thought perhaps he is not well. But then I hear that he has tried to nationalise your retail clothing shops and the Trades Union Congress did not approve, and so he was not allowed to do that. I think he was not very unwell, but only angry."

"The T.U.C. stood out against that one," said Group-Captain Cox. "I expect they were afraid of what their wives would say."

"I asked him that," said Mr. Delamain. "I asked how Englishwomen would like to wear standard clothes all to one of six or eight designs, and he told me that it was necessary to the economic situation that they should do that. Marie was with me, and she was very rude to him, but she was very rude in French, which he does not understand, and fortunately nobody who was with us offered to translate what she had said. So we are still good friends."

Within the meaning of the act, thought David.

A LITTLE later the Prime Minister said, "Mr. McKinnon has told me that the Queen has had a heavy cold, and that she was looking tired when he saw her last week. I hope when she comes she will take a long rest. I have talked to the Governor-General, and we have discouraged all suggestions for engagements for her. She is to open the hydro-electric scheme at the Clearwater River, and the new hospital in Vancouver, but after that there is nothing arranged, and I hope that she will take a long rest at Gatineau. It is very beautiful up the Gatineau in the late fall, and the colors of the maples will be wonderful this year, because we have had frost." He paused. "But she is so energetic—she is always making engagements for herself. But this time she should rest."

"I wish she would rest, sir," said Cox. "She's had a very difficult time recently."

The French Canadian shot a quick glance at him. "I know that," he said. "Perhaps one day she will be able to come here and spend a long, long time with us."

The Ceres crews escaped from hospitality in the middle of the afternoon and went back to the aerodrome to prepare Sugar for the flight home. Refuelling and inspection took an hour and a half; they locked up the machine and went to the R.C.A.F. station for an early meal and bed. They were up at three in the morning and took off at four o'clock in the dark night and climbed to operating height. The sun rose an hour and a half later as they passed above the Straits of Belle Isle between Newfoundland and Labrador and started on the Atlantic crossing, flying against the sun they took five hours on the trip from Ottawa to White Waltham, and put down at the home aerodrome at two o'clock in the afternoon.

David had brought home with him from Ottawa twenty pounds of steak and a dozen bottles of claret, at that time practically unobtainable in England. He drove back to his flat at Maidenhead and put the meat in the deep freeze, and pondered for a time whether

he dared call up Rosemary to suggest that she should get on the electric train to Maidenhead to come and share his meal. He resisted the temptation and cooked his "steak au vin" alone, and spent the evening thinking of all the things that he would have to tell her when he met her next at Itchenor.

The Royal inspection of the aircraft took place at White Waltham a few days later. Frank Cox had had the two machines drawn up outside the hangar and the crews paraded in front of each aircraft; it was a bright, sunny afternoon. The Royal party arrived in a big Daimler, the Queen and the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales. Frank Cox went forward and saluted as they got out of the car, and then walked with the Queen as she inspected the parade.

At the end of the inspection she said, "Will you fall the parade out, Group-Captain, and introduce the officers to me? Then let each member of the crews go to his own position in his own machine, so that I can see what they have to do."

David was introduced after Dewar, and the Queen shook his hand. She was not tall and she was definitely plump, but she was still beautiful, and clearly interested in the new machines, even excited. She asked how he was enjoying life in England, and he said very much indeed, and she smiled and said that she expected to see a great deal more of him. Then she passed on to the next officer and he met the Consort, a grey-haired, handsome, humorous man, who asked him what he got the Air Force Cross for.

"Test flying at Laverton, sir," said David.

"In general, or anything in particular?"

David hesitated. "I got a thing down after it got broken up a bit," he said.

The Prince of Wales beside the Consort spoke up. He was a man of about thirty-five, fair-haired and pleasant, in the uniform of an Air Vice-Marshal. "Was that the Boomerang?"

David said, "Yes, sir."

"I remember that, Father," said the Prince. "The rudder came off in a dive. He landed it without a rudder."

The Consort said, "It must have been a great temptation to bail out."

"Couldn't do that, sir," said David. "It cost about a million pounds."

The Consort laughed. "They didn't give you any of it?"

"No, sir. Not even the grateful thanks of the taxpayer."

"Ah, well, you got the best decoration of the lot."

He passed on to the other officers, and the Prince stayed and chatted for a moment with David. "We met somewhere in the war," he said. "I remember your face."

"At Lingayen, sir. I had No. 147 Squadron of the R.A.A.F. there."

"I remember." They chatted for a time about the war. Then the Prince said, "Is everything working out all right here in this job?"

"Quite all right, sir."

"Getting all the stores and material you want?"

"Yes, sir. There were a few minor difficulties just at first, but Major Macmahon got those ironed out for us. Everything seems to be going very smoothly now."

The Prince said, "When the Queen goes to Canada next month with my father, Group-Captain Cox is going too. You'll be left in charge here, I suppose."

David said, "Yes, sir."

"If anything should crop up

Your hair full of lovely gleaming highlights



One quick HI-LITER shampoo will show you new hair beauty

So easy to be lovelier! Just one application of Napro Hi-Liter and your hair is full of highlights... aglow with vibrant colour. Hi-Liter is not a dye or bleach and it's easy to use, just like an ordinary shampoo. In three wonderful shades—Titan... Gold... Silver Grey.

June Mallett, lovely Sydney model, says: "I'm thrilled with the lovely, natural highlights that Hi-Liter puts in my hair."

Napro HI-LITER colour shampoos

N Titan—for warm coppery tints
Gold—for golden gleam
Silver Grey—for silvery moonlight sheen

BY THE MAKERS OF NAPRO HAIR VITALIZER

THREE GREAT PERFUMES by Saville

MISCHIEF
Light, gay, intriguing

JUNE
"The soul of a thousand flowers"

SEVENTH HEAVEN
Romantic sophistication for 'full-dress' occasions

From your chemist or perfume counter

To page 42

For those lovely, soft,

Naturally Pretty Curls

that last longer.



BE BEAUTY-WISE,
AND NEUTRALISE...
INSIST ON—

Richard Hudnut home permanent

Only Richard Hudnut safeguards the health and beauty of your hair these three important ways:

- With a salon quality waving lotion different from other waving lotions because it is "safety-buffered" to give you the best curl without harm to your hair.
- With the most effective neutraliser known to chemistry today to stop the action of the waving lotion and to restore your hair to its natural healthy springiness. It's the step that takes only a few short minutes—but what a difference it makes! No danger of frizziness, no danger of lifeless, dull hair.
- With an exclusive extra ingredient, **Neutraliser Booster**, to speed the action of the neutraliser and lock in your lovely, soft wave. No droopy ends in damp weather, no resetting between shampoos.

And from the start of your Richard Hudnut Home Perm to the final, complete hair-do... if you're slow, 3 hours. What you may not know about "No-Neutraliser" waves is that you have to wait 5 hours with your hair in curlers—a minimum total time for the wave of 6 hours!

No other home permanent method can assure you longer-lasting, softer, healthier, more natural-looking curls in any faster time than Richard Hudnut.

At all chemists and selected department stores... 13/-.



and for EASIER, QUICKER home perms

Richard Hudnut whirl-a-wave curlers



The new, improved spinning-type Whirl-a-Wave curlers make all other curlers obsolescent. Plastic made of a new kind of flexible plastic that won't break as easily as ordinary plastic... work perfectly with untreated curls, from small to plump, lock, down to the head than any other curler.

Non-slip, non-slip tongue prevents end-papers from slipping, holds hair secure while winding. Each box contains 10 Whirl-a-Wave flexible, spinning curlers with the specially tapered, and 10 special short-end curlers for awkward, wavy neckline hair. 22/6.



Bring out the
Lovelights
in your hair

Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO

gives it a Beautiful,
Lustrous Sheen

Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become. 4-oz. bottle... 5/6; 8-oz. bottle... 9/10. It's Concentrated—32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-oz. BOTTLE.



Richard Hudnut creme rinse hair conditioner

Amazingly effective re-conditioner... a boon to sun or wind damaged hair. Wonderful for keeping hair free of tangles... comb slips through easily... hair gleams with polished loveliness... strengthens your perm or natural wave. 4-oz. bottle 5/6; 8-oz. bottle... 9/10.



Richard Hudnut dandruff treatment

Proved in the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York, it works wonders two ways—as a germicide, clearing away stubborn dandruff... as a refreshant, stimulating scalp circulation, keeping hair and scalp fragrant and healthy. 8-oz. bottle... 7/6.



Richard Hudnut creme hair dressing

Delicately perfumed and rich in lanolin, but not sticky or greasy. Gives you true "salon" grooming at home... your hair stays beautifully set and lustrous all day. 4-oz. bottle... 5/6.

Continuing

In The Wet

from page 41

that you don't feel you can handle while the Group-Captain is away," the Prince said, "you'd better give me a ring or come and see me."

The pilot blinked a little in surprise. "Very good, sir," he said. "Thank you."

The Royal party went to the Canadian machine, and David got his own crew into Tare in their places. He stood by the fuselage door himself waiting; it was over half an hour before the Queen emerged from Sugar. He came to attention and saluted as she crossed to the Australian machine. "I'm afraid this one is exactly the same as the other, Your Majesty," he said.

She smiled. "Never mind. I want to meet your crew. It will make it so much easier to get to Tharwa now that we have this beautiful aeroplane to go in. How long will it take us, Wing-Commander?"

"About nineteen hours flying time, madam," he said. "Colombo is almost exactly half-way, and we should have to put down there to refuel. That would take about an hour."

She asked, "Could we go by night?"

"Going eastwards, the time difference makes the night short," he said. "If your time is at your own choice, it would be best to start after dinner, say at about nine o'clock at night. You could go to bed then, and have eight hours' sleep before we reach Colombo at about noon, local time. You could lunch upon the ground then if you want to, and going on we should reach Canberra nine hours later, but that would be before dawn of the next day."

She said, "It sounds as if I shall be spending most of the journey in bed in my cabin."

"I should say that that's the best way to take it," he said. "The cabin is very quiet in this aircraft, and I think you would be comfortable."

"I'm sure of it," she said. She turned to the Consort. "Twenty-four hours in bed with no possibility of a box reaching you, and Tharwa at the end of it. It sounds too good to be true!"

They passed into the machine laughing together, and David followed with Prince Charles. The aircraft was, in fact, a replica of the one that they had seen before, but they spent twenty minutes in it talking to the crew. The Queen spent several minutes in her cabin talking to the stewardess, a girl called Gillian Foster, from Shepparton, coming out, David heard her say to the girl, "I can hardly wait to spend a night in here."

"We'll do our very best to make you comfortable, madam," the stewardess said.

The inspection over, the party left the machine, but they seemed to be in no hurry to get back to Windsor. The Queen stood with the Consort for a time upon the tarmac chatting to the officers. To

David she said once, "It makes our lovely home at Tharwa seem so close to get into this magnificent thing and to be there in about twenty hours."

He asked her curiously, "You like Tharwa so much as that, madam? We have no autumn colors like Canada, and no high mountains."

"I know," she said. "That corner of Australia is beautiful in its own way. I am always sorry when it's time to come away from Tharwa."

At last they got into the Daimler and drove off, and even then it seemed to the officers that they were reluctant to go. Dewar turned to Cox, "Well, that went off all right," he said. "They seemed to like these aircraft."

The Group-Captain nodded. "I thought at one time they were going to ask if they could have a ride in one of them. I thought they'd only be here for about ten minutes."

"They could have gone up if they'd wanted to," said David. "Tare's had her daily. We could have flown Tare." He paused. "I didn't expect them to be so enthusiastic," he said. "It must be just another aeroplane to them."

"They're only human," said Frank Cox. "Things aren't so complicated for them in Australia and Canada. Now they can get there just whenever they want to without bothering Lord Coles of Northfield."

David drove back to his flat that evening happier in his job than he had been since he started. It had made a difference to him that the Queen had said that she liked Tharwa. He knew the Royal residence in the Federal Territory by motoring past it and looking at it from the hills upon the west side of the Murrumbidgee two miles away. He had even studied it with field glasses, for curiosity. It was a long, white house in pastoral surroundings, set in a bowl of wooded hills and with lawns running to the Murrumbidgee River from the house. With the inferiority complex of an Australian, he could see no reason why anyone should want to come to Tharwa. He had been quite deeply moved by the Queen's statement that she found it beautiful in its own way, because it was his country and he himself would rather have lived there than anywhere else, though he could not have said why.

That evening he rang up Rosemary in her flat. She said, "Hello, Wing-Commander. How did your party go off today?"

"It went off very well," he said. "I think they were pleased with everything."

"I thought they would be," he said. "They're bonza people," he said. "I was really impressed."

"Had you never met them before?"

"No," he said. "I'd read

To page 43

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- Plant Shrubs to Save Labor and Money.
- Home-made Gadgets for the Garden.
- How to Build and Furnish a Bush House.
- Planting, Pruning, Spraying Fruit Trees.

Name of leaflet (one only) _____

Stamped (3½d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

about them in the papers, of course. But you can't believe all that stuff."

"You can now," she said. "That's right. Are you going down to Itchenor this weekend?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm going down on Friday night and staying at the club. Will you be coming over?"

"I thought I would," he said. "I'll probably get into Wootton and lie there for Friday night and come on to Chichester Harbor on Saturday morning early. It's high water about midday, isn't it?"

"I think so. I'm racing in the afternoon," she said. "Would you like to crew for me?"

"I'd like to," he replied. "I'll be looking for you in the morning, then," she said. "You should be able to pick up a mooring at this time of year."

"I'll get in somewhere," he paused. "I brought some steaks back from Ottawa, and some red wine. Will you have dinner with me on Saturday?"

"I might have known you'd do something like that if you went off to Canada. Of course, I'd love to dine with you. How did the flight go?"

"All right," he said. "We got back in one piece. I've got a lot I want to talk to you about."

"We'll talk on Saturday," she said.

He arrived in Chichester Harbor at about ten o'clock that Saturday morning, having sailed from the Isle of Wight at dawn. He dropped sail just inside the entrance to the wide stretch of inland water and motored up the long channel to Itchenor, three miles from the entrance. He saw Rosemary put off in a dinghy from the shore as he drew near the village and scull out into the middle of the stream; he put the clutch out and she came on board and streamed her dinghy astern. "There's a yellow mooring a few hundred yards upstream," she said. "You can take that one."

She was wearing her yachting clothes—thin shirt, shorts, and blue sandals; she brushed his arm as they were pulling in the mooring chain together and he found her proximity disturbing. She helped him to make up the mainsail on the boom and get the vessel into harbor trim. Then she rowed him ashore in her dinghy, and so began a very happy day.

She took him to the beach and showed him her boat; they rigged it together and waded out with it, scrambled aboard, and sailed for an hour in the Itchenor and Bosham channels while he got the hang of the boat. She let him sail it, and offered to let him sail it in the race that afternoon, but he refused, saying that he did not know it well enough and that they would do best if she had the tiller and he crewed for her. So they landed before the club, and went up to the bar for a sandwich lunch. She introduced him to a number of her friends. They raced that afternoon with eleven or twelve other boats of the same class, twice round a long course that took them practically down to the harbor entrance. They came in fourth, and went ashore for tea and gossip; then they took the sails off the boat and put them away, and rowed out to his little yacht for supper.

Again she exclaimed at the amount of meat he had aboard. "We can't possibly eat a quarter of this, Nigger," she said. "You're a floating butcher's shop."

"There's to-morrow," he replied. "You wouldn't have me starve on the way back to Hamble?"

from page 42

"You won't starve," she said. "What time have you got to go?"

"I'll have to get away after breakfast," he replied. "The tide will be making eastwards by eleven o'clock." He hesitated, and then he said, "You wouldn't like to come with me?"

"I've got to be back in Dover Street without fail to-morrow night," she said. "I go to work in the morning."

"We should be ashore at Hamble by six," he said. "I've got the car there. I can run you home. I've got to be on the job on Monday morning, bright and early, too."

"It would be an awfully long way out of your way to take me up to Dover Street," she said. "You could put me on the train at Guildford."

He grinned. "We'll argue about that. But would you like to come?"

"I'd love to, David," she said. "I'd love a day out in the Solent in this boat."

She paused. "I'll have to put my fourteen-footer in the shed and hose her down before I go," she said. "I shan't be sailing her again this season, because of Canada."

HE nodded. "I'll come on shore and give you a hand in the morning. About half-past eight?"

"Come and have breakfast at the Club."

"All right. When is the Canada trip starting?"

"Wednesday morning of next week—in ten days' time," she said. "She's opening the hydro-electric thing on Thursday." The girl paused. "What's Edmonton like?"

"We didn't go in from the aerodrome," he replied. "I only saw it from the air. It looked just like any other town."

"I'm longing to see it," she said. "I've never been to America at all before. What's the Ceres like to travel in?"

"She's very comfortable," he told her. "No noise to speak of, and no vibration. The party seemed to like her all right." He poured her out a glass from the bottle of sherry he had bought for her, and a tomato cocktail for himself.

She nodded. "They liked what they saw," she said. "The Queen's been talking about nothing else."

"What did she say?"

The girl laughed. "I wasn't there, of course. I only hear that sort of thing third or fourth hand. Gossip of the servants' hall, David." She raised her glass. "Here's luck to Tare."

"I'd rather not trust to luck," he drank with her. "I'm taking Tare off on a trial next

Wednesday. We've never flown her longer than an hour and a half, and we've never flown either of them in tropical conditions. The manufacturers did tropical trials on the prototype, of course. But I think we ought to see one of them function in the tropics before taking our sort of passengers about the world."

"Are you going far?" she asked.

"We shall only be away one night," he said. "I'm going down to Gambia, to Bathurst on the west coast of Africa, and spending the night there. Then next day we'll go north-eastward across Africa to Cyprus, turn there without landing, and back to White Waltham. That makes about a nine hours' flight, getting on for the maximum safe-operating range."

She said curiously, "Do you feel that you're really travelling, on an enormous flight like that?"

He shook his head. "You're just flying. Usually you can't see the ground because of the cloud layer, and if you can you're ten miles up, so you don't see any detail. The sky is almost black, and the sun's much brighter. You can't see much."

"Do you get bored sometimes?"

He shook his head. "It's what I like doing. I never get bored."

Presently they went down into the little cabin and began to fry the steaks over the oil stove, with a few potatoes sliced. "One day if you get to Australia, I'll show you how a steak ought to be cooked," he said.

She smiled. "How's that?"

"Grilled, over a fire of gum-tree twigs. It's very quick." He paused. "It's the best way in the world to cook a steak, and so far as I know you can only do it in Australia." He turned to her. "It's like sugaring in Canada."

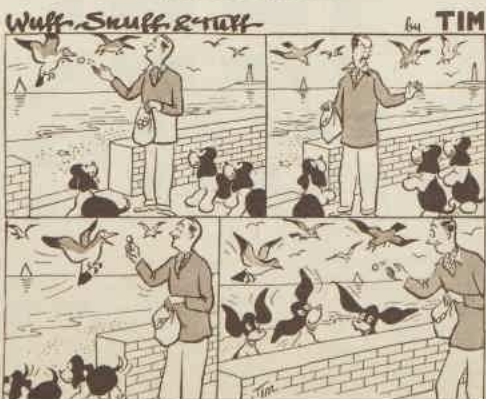
"What's that?"

"You go up through the snow on skis to a little hut in the woods, and there you find an old man boiling down the sap out of the maple tree to make maple syrup. He told her all about it as they cooked their dinner: the bright snow, the bright sun, the wood fire under the evaporating pan, and the heavenly smell. "All countries have one taste or smell that others can't equal," he told her. "Grilled steaks are Australia to me. Sugaring is Canada."

Presently they took their plates and sat down at the little table to eat their meal, one on each side of the cabin. They topped up with bread and honey, and with a mug of coffee made out of a tin; then, in the warmth and intimacy

To page 44

FOR THE CHILDREN



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 10, 1953

The TASTIEST
caramels of all—
"COLUMBINES"Rich in
butterRich in
glucoseSo
rich in
flavourTumble
them out—
enjoy them
wherever
you are...

Tumble them out into your handbag . . . into the glove box of your car . . . into your office drawer . . . always have "Columbines" ready for delicious, nourishing enjoyment. Every "Columbine" is foil-wrapped to seal in its freshness and true caramel flavour. So rich, so creamy, so smooth on your tongue—the flavour lingers on. No other caramel looks as tempting, or tastes half as delicious as a "Columbine". Enjoy them wherever you are.

Enjoy their
true caramel
flavour!Made by
MacRobertson
The Great Name in Confectionery.

"COLUMBINES"

Page 43

[from page 43]



"Seeing's believing"

— says Mary Rawlins

"I always say, use Robin and you'll get a gloss you can almost see your face in. And then Robin is so easy to mix — so much easier to iron with — so you couldn't wish for a better starch — could you? Take my advice and rely on Robin — the starch that gives the right gloss to all linens"

Robin Starch

Gives Wings to Your Iron



"... and tell me now — have you ever seen a really white wash that was not put through Reckitt's Blue? Of course you haven't!" No matter how you wash your white clothes, it's always wise to remember that it's the last rinse in Reckitt's Blue that makes them sparkling white. There's no substitute for Reckitt's Blue to keep your white things a good colour.

Reckitt's Blue

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest wash

VARICOSE VEINS

Soothe away pain, itching, inflammation with

VARICOSAN OINTMENT

Varicosan gives rapid relief to painfully inflamed varicose veins and assists in the healing of varicose ulcers and most forms of varicose dermatitis. Varicosan can be rubbed in like vanishing cream and because it contains chlorophyll it keeps both skin and stockings fresh and sweet. It will not harm surgical hosiery.

and for support, wear Britain's finest . . .

SURGICAL NYLONS

- * "Lastonet" stockings now available in Australia
- * Firm, healthful support for varicose veins
- * Invisible under ordinary stockings

FREE BOOKLET on VARICOSE VEINS
Send to: B. M. GREEN MEDICAL DISTRIBUTORS
Pty. Ltd., 281 Collins St., Melbourne.

Lastonet
Two-way stretch
NYLON NET GIVES
comfort and ease to
every sufferer from the
pains of varicose veins.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

of the little lamplit room, they sat smoking together.

"The Prince said one thing that I didn't understand," he told her presently. "When they came to see the aeroplane. He said, if Frank Cox was away and anything happened at White Waltham that I couldn't handle, I was to get in touch with him at once." He paused. "What do you think he meant?"

She smiled. "Just what he said, Nigger."

"What sort of thing?"

She opened her eyes wide. "He didn't tell me."

He laughed. "All right, you win. I suppose I can put two and two together for myself."

"I expect you can," she said. "You won't get far upon that flight from Gambia to Cyprus and White Waltham unless you can do that."

She stayed till about half past nine, and then made off for the shore in her dinghy. David watched her rowing off in the bright moonlight, thinking how well she managed her boat, how well her job.

He went ashore for breakfast with her and helped her with the business of putting her dinghy away for the winter. Then they sailed in Nicolette for Hamble, passing down the long channels of the harbor under sail, this time with Rosemary on board as pilot, out through the entrance, and straight out to sea over the bar, finally bearing away towards the forts at Spithead at the entrance to the Solent, with a light southerly breeze. All day they sailed together in close contact of a little yacht, doing the thing that they both loved to do, happy together.

They passed into the Hamble River at about five o'clock, and took down sail and put the sail covers on as they motored up the river to the mooring. By quarter to six they were on shore packing their luggage into the little car. They had a snack meal at the Bugle Inn upon the foreshore. While they were eating, David said, "We never saw Judy Marsh in 'Red Coral'." What about going to see that before you go to Canada?"

She hesitated. "When could we go? I can't to-morrow night or Friday. I'm going home this week-end."

"I've got this trial — the Gambia affair." He thought for a moment. "I'd better get to bed early on Tuesday. Wednesday, Bathurst, and I'll probably be a bit tired on Thursday night."

"I should think you might be," she said dryly. "It would have to be next week, but we go off on Wednesday."

"What about Monday?"

"I should think Monday would be all right," she said thoughtfully. "Will you ring me at the Palace about lunch-time? If there's an awful lot of work before we go, I might have to wash it out, David. You'd understand that, wouldn't you?"

"Of course," he said. "I'll get seats anyway, and ring you lunch-time on Monday."

He drove her up to London and deposited her outside her flat in Dover Street, still in her salt-spotted blue jeans and rough blue jersey. She asked him in, but he refused that, thinking that she had to work next day and ought to get to bed. He drove back to Maidenhead in a dream, and thought of nothing else but Rosemary all night.

That week, with Frank Cox in command and carrying the Canadian crew as passengers, David flew Tare from London to Bathurst in five hours. They stayed, as usual, in the R.A.F. station for the night, having refuelled the machine and loaded up with pineapples for private use. They took off at dawn next day and flew to Cyprus in about five and a half hours, turned over Nicolaia, and landed back at their home aerodrome in England at tea-time, with nothing particular the matter with the aeroplane.

HE cruised alone in the Solent that week-end and found it cold and lonely.

He picked up Rosemary on Monday evening and gave her a couple of pineapples in spite of her protests that she wouldn't have time to eat them before leaving for Canada. "You can try," he said firmly. "I brought them from Bathurst specially for you, and I'm not going to have them thrown back in my face." They went and dined at the R.A.C., and this time, having no confidential business to discuss, the dinner was a success. They went on to the movies to see Judy Marsh in "Red Coral" and sat very close together for two hours.

Coming out, he said, "You don't have to go home yet, do you? Let's go to the Dorchester and dance." So they went up to the Dorchester and danced together for the first time, and enjoyed it, and laughed a great deal, till the orchestra played "God Save the Queen" and woke them to the realisation that it was two in the morning.

He drove her back to Dover Street in his small car and parked outside the entrance to her flat for a time they sat talking in the car, reluctant to break it up. "I have enjoyed this evening, David," she said. "It's been fun, every minute of it. It was sweet of you to take me."

"Pity it's going to be some time before we can do another," he said. "How long is she staying over in Canada?"

"About a month," she said. "I don't know the exact date when we come back, but it's before December the twentieth anyway, because her appointments start again here then. It's not for long."

"I'll probably be in Singapore or in Nairobi," he said gloomily. "Charles will want to go and shoot an elephant or something."

She laughed. "He's got to stay at home and hold the fort," she said. "He's not allowed to go away."

"Will you have dinner with me when you get back?" he asked. "The first free night, and tell me all about it?"

"I'll have dinner with you, Nigger," she said, "but I don't suppose I'll tell you all about it. I never met such a nosy man as you are."

"I don't mean what the Queen did," he said. "I'm not interested in that. I mean, what you did."

"I can tell you that now," she said. "I sat in an office and took letters down for Major Macmahon, and typed them out, and put them on his desk for him to sign. Eight hours a day, when it wasn't ten."

"Doesn't he ever give you a holiday?"

"I get three weeks' holiday a year," she said. "Sometimes Major Macmahon gets a bilious attack and then there usually isn't any work to do. That's an extra. They don't make me count it as a day of my three weeks."

"Perhaps he'll get a bilious attack over in Canada. Canadian food is full of grease and calories."

"I'm sure it's not."

He was very conscious of her close beside him in the little car. "What sort of scent is that you're using?"

"Bonne Nuit," she said. "It's French. It means Good Night."

"Fancy!" he said.

She stirred a little and reached for the door. "I'm not going to sit here talking about my scent at three in the morning when I'm going away to-morrow," she said. "You can raise the matter again when I

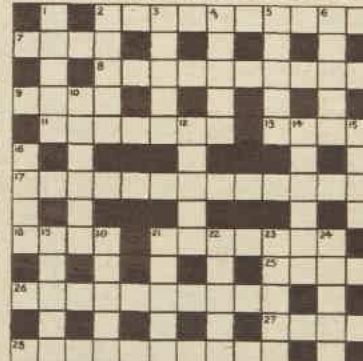
To page 45

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Article of clothing, which, if searfed, becomes a fairy-tale character (10).
- Such cupola would suit me (4).
- Seat on rail (Anagr. 10).
- Set on a horse with a flat-bottomed boat (4).
- These women cannot exist in families with a single child (7).
- Direction ending with a saint (4).
- Past work or use and often receives pension (13).
- Morbidly tender like a broken rose (4).
- Shakespearean storm (7).
- A cat may be used in a bomb (4).
- In a big sore (Anagr. 10).
- Cheese which has to be turned to be made (4).
- The holy one hides in heavenly bodies to form kind of saphires (4-6).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

DOUGH MASTIFF
RINA A C N I
AUDITOR OVATE
P E E C B N R
ERROR MOSIER
MARS GIMON
ADRIOT RASOUT
O U V E O G
IMPRINT STEEP
M L N I T L E
PRUDE BARGAIN
S E N D G A T T A
LOBSTER WHEEL

Solution to last week's crossword.

- Knotty point can make sleepy mistake with us (3).
- In still about holy people (5).
- Dullard named after a great schoolman (5).
- Revered collection on signs (5).
- Richard III would have given his kingdom for it (5).
- Precious stones for invoking friends (5).
- Pinch through a small boy (6).
- Pour liquid over (5).
- Certify at trial (6).
- Season five hundred in haberdashery (4).
- This goddess is double (4).
- Sphere of action or morsel of food (3).
- Mistake or mistake (5).
- Closely fitting, stingy, or may be drunk (5).
- Cure on an opera (5).
- Relieves (5).
- Yesterday passed but to-morrow is not yet here (5).

SELLOTAPE TIPS

to help you every day

At home, in shops, schools, offices and factories — wherever you go you see SELLOTAPE, the crystal-clear quality tape with a thousand uses.



Fix shelving material in cupboards, flex to walls. Seal parcels, preserves and mend anything from a torn magazine to a broken shade with Sellotape.



Memo to office girls: Tell the boss to put Sellotape dispensers on your counters, desks or work benches and see efficiency increase. Contact your Sellotape wholesaler or Wightclay Pty. Ltd.



More painting per week-end with Sellotape MASKING TAPE. Tell hubby to protect all edges and window-panes with Sellotape MASKING TAPE. He'll do a better job faster, with less scraping. Enquire at your local hardware store.



The kids love Sellotape's gay plastic dispenser. Four colors — Johnnie knows his own at a glance. Sellotape does a big job on many a school desk — sealing book covers, doing all sorts of repair work.

SELLOTAPE — the clear quality tape

Sellotape is distributed throughout Australia by Wightclay Pty. Ltd. and their wholesalers in all States.

Beauty in brief:

Do your feet hurt?

By Carolyn Earle

● When you own neat feet there is a temptation to buy glamor shoes without giving much thought to the more practical requirements of footwear.

FOOT experts maintain that in order to keep good-looking feet the majority of women buy shoes that are too short.

Crowded toes have to give somewhere, so they bend at the joints—hence bunions.

Give your toes room to extend and spread naturally when buying shoes and you will never have to contend with the feel and look of bunions.

When shoes catch the back of the heel on a muscle a bump comes up.

Obviously you need shoes with a more carefully fitted heel. Meanwhile, strap the heel with adhesive tape to relieve pressure there.

To one and all who complain about sore feet the foot doctor says, "Let's see your shoes."

The expert is usually as much against flat, heelless shoes as the tip-toe effect of spikes. Both are apt to spoil your feet, carriage, and temper.

get back if you're still interested."

He got out and walked round the car and helped her out on to the pavement. They stood together in deserted Dover Street in the pale moonlight. "I'll remember that," he said. "I'll write it down in my little book."

She said, "I expect you'll have more to tell me when I get back than I have to tell you."

"And how," he said. "More than you bargain for."

She laughed a little self-consciously and moved towards her door, fumbling in her bag for the key. She found it and unlocked the door and stood for a moment in the doorway.

"Look after yourself, Nigger," she said. "And thanks again for such a lovely evening."

"Thank you for everything," he said quietly. She paused, uncertain, on the threshold for a moment; then she went inside and the door closed behind her.

On the Wednesday the Queen left for Canada. The Press and the newscameras were at White Waltham very early, photographing the machine and the Canadian crew. The minor members of the entourage arrived in several cars, among them Rosemary, who waved to David as she passed into the aircraft. Finally at ten o'clock the Royal car arrived carrying the Queen and the Consort, and followed by two other cars, one bringing the Prince and Princess of Wales and their two boys, the other bringing the Princess Royal with her husband, the Duke of Havan, and little Alexandra. There were a few minutes of Royal leave-taking and then the Queen went up the three steps into the fuselage, followed by the Consort and escorted by Frank Cox.

Dewar was waiting at the door to welcome them; in the cockpit Johnnie Clare, the second pilot, broke out the Royal Standard at the mast at the exact moment that the

Queen entered the machine, while cameras whirled and clicked outside. The door closed, and presently the machine moved forward on the taxi track towards the runway's end. The Ceres lined up on the runway, the mast and standard sank down into the fuselage, the outboard engines started, and then it was accelerating smoothly with the white plumes from the rockets leaving a long trail behind. It was airborne very quickly and the undercarriage disappeared into the wing; it put its nose up in a great climbing turn and vanished into the clouds towards the north.

David was left in charge upon the aerodrome. He escorted the Prince and the Princess back to their cars and answered a few questions from their children. Then they drove off, and he was left to cope with the reporters, some of whom had been perplexed by the direction the machine had taken. He got rid of them after an hour or so, and settled down into the uneventful routine of the Queen's Flight, waiting for a job to do.

The Trades Union Congress met at Blackpool for their annual conference next weekend, and gave him something to think about. For some years past it had been usual for the more violent elements of the T.U.C. to rail against the size of the Civil List and the general expense of the Royal Family to the country, a method of blowing off steam which wounded nobody's feelings except those of the Family, who had no votes to be endangered and so didn't matter. It was undoubtedly the case that in the past the accumulation of Royal palaces in England had represented a very minor extravagance for an impoverished country, but one by one the essential ones had been eliminated from the List by making them self-supporting in a fitting and gracious manner, as in the case of Sandringham, the permanent headquarters of the Commonwealth Co-ordin-

Continuing . . . In The Wet

[from page 44]

tion Council. Those which remained were fully used by various offices connected with diplomacy which could not be reduced or with the Royal Family, and the fact that they were paid for out of the Civil List was a matter of historical interest rather than evidence of Royal extravagance.

However, any stick does to beat a dog with, and for years a section of the T.U.C. had harped upon this theme. This year a fresh note was added to the melody. David Anderson, opening his newspaper one morning to read the comic strip, found that a Mr. Andrew Duncan, of the National Association of Plate Benders, had made a stinging speech about White Waltham aerodrome. This aerodrome, declared Mr. Duncan, comprised about twelve hundred acres of the soil of England, the property of the British people. At present it was reserved for the use of the Royal Family, who did not use it more than once or twice a year, and whose huge aeroplanes were wastefully maintained there at a vast expense; he did not say at whose expense that was. The Royal Family were keeping this land for their selfish pleasures, but if the land were freed from their tyrannical grasp and handed back to the People, it could be farmed and made to produce food to support four hundred working families. Four hundred families, said Mr. Duncan, were going hungry, eight hundred undernourished, pale-faced children were pitifully crying for the crust of bread that was not there, in order that these pampered aristocrats, these relics of an effete, out-dated feudalism, might stamp upon their faces. It made his blood boil, said Mr. Duncan.

It made David's blood boil, too, when he thought of the two thousand sheep that fouled the runways and the tarmac and had to be laboriously herded to one side before the Royal aircraft could take off or land. White Waltham in the second war had been a training aerodrome; in the third war it had been expanded for operational use and it was held by the Air Ministry as a reserve field for Bomber Command. He knew that Frank Cox had had particular instructions from the Consort about the grazing; the sheep had first rights on that aerodrome, and the aeroplanes came a long way behind.

Blood, in fact, boiled freely over White Waltham, and before the day was out the aerodrome had become a serious political issue. No fewer than four speakers took the matter up, some vehement and some, the more effective, grieved that the Monarchy should have sunk so low. The Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Air were both present, but said nothing to reveal the true position of the airfield to the Congress; perhaps they did not know it. Finally Lord Coles got up and assured the Congress that the matter would be looked into and that suitable action would be taken. Mr. Iorwerth Jones said nothing.

David went out to go to

White Waltham, and on the way bought all the other newspapers that he could find. The "Daily Monitor" in a first editorial said roundly that the whole thing was a Socialist plot to discredit the Royal Family and disclosed the fact that 744 fat lambs had been sold off White Waltham aerodrome in the last calendar year, one for each of Mr. Duncan's starving children. "The Times" deplored the use of the Royal Family for political purposes and did little else. "The Daily Watchman" said that whatever the merits or demerits of White Waltham aerodrome, it was beyond all question that the working man could no longer afford the annual expenses of Buckingham Palace or Windsor. St. James' Palace, said the leader writer, was the historic one and was quite sufficient for the Royal residence. All other Royal palaces, castles, or houses in the country should be put to some remunerative use or be turned over to the Ministry of Works to house some overcrowded government department.

In the office, David pored over these leading articles with Dick Ryder, his second pilot, looking over his shoulder. "They don't like us much," he said at last.

The younger man shook his head. "Looks like they're going to winkle us out of here," he said. "Where do you think we'll go?"

"God knows. One of the R.A.F. aerodromes probably."

"We'd have to get permission from the R.A.F. for every flight then, wouldn't we?"

David stared at him. "Theoretically, I suppose we should. They couldn't interfere with us, though."

"They hate us like hell," said Ryder. "I believe they could."

"The R.A.F. don't hate us."

"Lord Coles and the Prime Minister do. The R.A.F. would have to do as they were told if we were on their aerodrome."

David sat in silence for a minute. "I hadn't thought about that one," he said. "Do you think that's behind it?"

"Could be. Whatever is behind it, anyway, it's not because they like having us here or want to make our job any the easier."

David turned to the papers again. "My God," he said, "there'll be a stink at home if they touch Buckingham Palace or Windsor."

"Of course there will," the second pilot said. "But they don't think of that. They see it as an English problem that's no business of Australia. I don't believe they think of us at all when they decide these things."

David nodded. "No reason why they should. Half of them don't know where Australia is."

He spent the morning upon nominal duties, and left for London at about noon, having Frank Cox's office in St. James' Palace to look after as well as his own. He lunched at the R.A.C. and walked down Pall Mall after lunch to the Palace, and in the two small rooms that opened on to Engine Court he set to work with the girl secretary to deal with the correspondence. At about half-past three the telephone rang; the girl answered it and handed it to him. It was Miss Porson, speaking from the Palace.

She said, "Oh, Wing-Commander, I'm so glad you're in London. The Prince of Wales would like to see you this afternoon."

"What time shall I come over?"

"If you would come to my office at about five minutes past four. I will take you along then."

He put down the instrument, wondering what this was all about, and went on with the correspondence. At five minutes past four he was in the Palace, clean and neat, following Miss Porson down the corridor. She took him to an ante-room and handed him over to the girl sitting in it. "I don't think he'll keep you very long."

He sat on a gilt chair in the tall room in silence for ten minutes. Tall white double doors opened into the Prince's study, from which he could hear a low murmur of voices now and then. At last the handle of these doors turned; the door opened a fraction and then closed again. Evidently the conversation was continuing as the visitor was about to be shown out.

Finally the door opened definitely, and David heard the Prince speaking. He said, "Well, that's all I've got to say to you, Mr. Jones. If you go on with this I shall advise my mother to build an airstrip on our own land, in Windsor

"Doctor says they're good"



—so does Dad!"



Everybody likes Laxettes

—the laxative that tastes exactly like fine chocolate. Nurses and doctors recommend Laxettes because they're so gentle and sure. They give such a soft, easy motion.

Get a box, 2/6, today and when nature forgets, remember Laxettes.

To page 46



Growing up on Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa

BOURNVILLE KIDDIES are cheerful, lively . . . always full of pep!

There's no two ways about it—kiddies love Cocoa, and it's so good for them too!

For breakfast, cocoa really sets the kiddies up for the day; makes them feel warm and well.

Bournville Cocoa is a top favourite with the whole family; it's delicious; it's nourishing; it's full of food value; and it's so easy to make.

Bournville Cocoa is the most economical food drink you can buy, with 120 cups of health-building cocoa in every pound.

You have cocoa in the kitchen—use it regularly; use it for drinking and for cooking too. 2/9d. half pound—5/3d. pound.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

makes you feel warm and well

027/16/3

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

JUST BECAUSE I CAN'T INCREASE YOUR ALLOWANCE, YOU NEEDN'T GIVE ME THAT UGLY FACE!



I'M NOT GIVING IT TO YOU!



YOU WERE BORN WITH IT!!



By RUD

**LOOK
NO SOAP
AND
SPARKLING CLEAN!**



**They're
washed with
Kwik
DETERGENT**

KWIK is at your local store —

Miracle KWIK that washes clothes whiter, cleaner, brighter than ever before — cuts your work in half because KWIK leaves no soap scum, so rinsing is unnecessary! Dishes, glassware and even worst-grimed pots wash clean in a flash, dry bright and sparkling without towelling! Use KWIK too for cleaner, softer, fluffier baby clothes. New improved KWIK completely supersedes soaps — lasts four times longer too!

**KWIK WASHES PERFECTLY
IN HARDEST BORE WATER**

For country women and for housewives in hardwater areas, KWIK is a dream of easy washing come true! No matter how hard the water, KWIK gives perfect results. It leaves no soap scum! So kind to tender hands too. KWIK keeps grease traps, sink pipes clean — ideal in washing machines. Buy new KWIK today! It's at your local store!

KWIK POWDER for clothes, dishes and all general household cleaning. KWIK LIQUID for dishes, glassware, woollens, silks, etc.

Kwik POWDER OR LIQUID
washes cleaner than
any soap!



**DETERGENTS FOR YOUR
CAR WASH TOO!**



SCOTT'S RAPID CAR SHAMPOO • SCOTT'S RADIATOR DETERGENT

It's car cleaning the easy way — all done in 10 minutes. Just wash it on — hose it off! That's all there is to it... leaves your car gleaming clean.

A specially prepared detergent that will clean your radiator thoroughly but inexpensively and without damage to the core.

BOTH OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR GARAGEMAN

SCOTT'S DETERGENTS (A/ASIA) PTY. LTD.
Princess Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.

Great Park. And, what's more, I'll get a Canadian contractor to come here and build it."

David sat motionless, staring at the carpet beside his feet, as the Prime Minister passed by within a yard of him. The door closed again; after a minute the girl got up and went through the double doors into the room. She came out presently. "He won't be very long," she said softly. "He's just got a couple of calls to make."

The door opened presently, and the Prince of Wales appeared. He said, "Come in, Anderson. Sorry to have kept you." David went into the room and the Prince closed the door. He was wearing a grey civilian suit, and David thought that he looked tired.

He turned to the pilot. "I've got to go to Ottawa, Wing-Commander," he said. "Is that machine of yours serviceable?"

David was a little hurt. "Of course, sir. When do you want to go?"

"Can we go to-night?" "You can go in an hour's time, sir. There's no food or drink on board, but otherwise we're ready."

"All fuelled up?" "Yes, sir." "Done the daily?" "Yes, sir."

"All right." He glanced at his wrist-watch. "Suppose we start off after dinner. I'll be at White Waltham about half-past eight."

"Very good, sir." He hesitated, and then said, "Can you give me any idea how long the crew will be away? It's just a matter of their kit."

"They may be away some time."

"Any chance that they may need tropical kit, sir?"

The Prince thought for a moment. "I don't know. They'd better take everything."

David went out and rang up Ryder from Miss Porson's office and put everything in train; Miss Porson undertook to have the food and drink sent down from the Palace kitchens. David went back to the office in St. James' Palace and stayed there for an hour; then he drove down to Maidenhead, packed furiously for ten minutes, and was at White Waltham aerodrome by seven o'clock.

He had much to do, but he was a very happy man as he did it. All the way down from London he had driven in a dream, amazed at his incredible luck. Not only had he got a job of work to do for the first time since he joined the Queen's Flight, but it was taking him to Rosemary. He was lucky, he felt, all round. He knew that he was taking a small, insignificant part in world-moving events. One day, this journey that the Prince of Wales was making in a hurry to consult with his parents would occupy a sentence in the history books; behind that sentence, unremembered and unknown, would be Nigger Anderson. It was sufficient for him; it made the job worth doing and justified the weeks and months of waiting on the aerodrome, the interruption to his career. Not only was he playing a small part in world affairs, but he was going to Rosemary. Rosemary, who had been away barely a week, Rosemary whom he had not hoped to see again for over a month.

He was delighted with his luck.

At the aerodrome he met Ryder. The Ceres was already out upon the tarmac doing engine runs; he went to the machine at once with the second pilot and stood in the cockpit for a few minutes watching the engineers as they made the checks, glancing over the figures pencilled on their test sheets. They checked the

fuel in each tank, the hydraulic system; they checked with the radio and radar operators that their apparatus was still serviceable. Then the two pilots left the aircraft and went back to the office for the navigational study and the preparation of the flight plan.

Dick Ryder asked, "What does tropical kit mean? Where are we going after Ottawa?"

"I don't know," said David. "I don't think they know themselves."

"What maps ought we to take, then?"

"Better take the lot."

"We shan't want South America, surely?" The second pilot paused. "There must be a couple of hundredweight or more if we take everything."

David hesitated. "Take the lot," he said. "Take all we've got, and all the radio and radar stuff as well. It's no good to us here, and Dewar may want it if we don't."

"Is Sugar at Ottawa now?"

"Should be," said David. "Unless they've sent him off upon some other job."

They set to work to make the flight plan; then David got on the telephone to Area Control and gave them details of the flight. He added a few words of his own. "This is Wing-Commander Anderson speaking for the Captain of the Queen's Flight," he said.

"I don't know how you go there for publicity, but we should prefer to avoid any mention of this flight till after we have gone. We don't want a flock of reporters at the aerodrome to-night."

The control officer said, "There'll be nothing issued to-night, sir. The P.R.O. goes home at five o'clock. If anyone comes on the phone I'll stall them off until you're airborne."

"Good-oh," said David. "I'll speak again when we are on the runway ready to take off."

The provisions came at about eight o'clock with the steward and the stewardess, who set to work to load the boxes and the thermos jars and then to make up beds. Finally, punctually at half-past eight, the car arrived with the Prince; a valet travelling with him rode beside the driver. David went forward to meet him, and saluted as he stepped out of the car.

"Quite ready, sir," he said. The Prince said, "What's the weather?"

"Clear and frosty for the other side, sir. We shall be out of this stuff at about twenty-five thousand feet. A probable headwind, fifty to sixty knots, at cruising altitude."

The telephone girl approached and stood on the tarmac a few yards away. "What's the E.T.A. Ottawa?" asked the Prince.

"Zero three fifteen," said the pilot. "About ten-fifteen, local time. It's going to take us about six and a half hours."

The Prince nodded. "Let me know when you get in radio contact with Ottawa direct," he said. "I shall have some signals to make then." He turned to the girl. "What does she want?"

The telephone girl came up to David and said, "The Recorder" are on the line, sir, asking to speak to you."

"What have you told them?" asked the Prince.

"Nothing, sir. I said that Wing-Commander Anderson was busy for the moment, but I'd ask him to speak."

The Prince made a grimace. "How long before we get airborne?"

"We're ready to go now, sir," David hesitated. "If you would get on board, I'll go and tell them something—stall them off."

from page 45

"All right. Better not say you're taking me to Ottawa if you can avoid it."

He turned and went to the machine, and David went to the telephone. A man's voice said, "Wing Commander, I understand that you are making a flight to-night. Where is that to?"

David said, "Aw, look—I'm a serving officer, you know. You want our Public Relations Officer, don't you?"

"I was hoping that you would be able to tell me."

"I couldn't do that. I got a rocket last week for speaking out of turn. You'll have to get on to the P.R.O."

"Where is he, then?"

"Get on to Australia House, extension 643," the pilot invented. "Ask to speak to Mr. Mollison. He's there now, because I've just been speaking to him. He'll tell you the whole story."

He put down the receiver. The girl was smiling. "What'll I say when he comes on again?" she asked.

"Say that I'm in the air and you can't answer any questions. You can pack up and go home as soon as we've gone."

He left the office, spoke for a few minutes to the foreman of the ground staff, and then went to the machine. The steward closed the doorway behind him, and he went forward towards the cockpit. The Prince stood at the door of his cabin. "Everything all right?"

"I got rid of him, sir. May we take off now?"

"Go when you like, Captain."

"Very good, sir."

DAVID went forward and slipped into his seat, settled himself comfortably, and adjusted his belt. Then he nodded to Ryder, and the engineer started the inboard motors; they moved forward to the runway with Ryder speaking on the radio to Area Control.

Half an hour later they came out through the cloud into the clear moonlight at twenty-three thousand feet. Ahead of them the night was deep blue and serene. David sat motionless as the machine climbed on her course; he roused presently at a touch upon his shoulder, and it was the Prince.

"Mind if I sit here for a bit, Captain?"

"Of course, sir." Ryder slipped out of his seat. "Would you like to come here?" asked David.

"No—this'll be all right." He slipped into the second pilot's seat. Ryder withdrew to the navigator's table and the radio operator began to get a series of bearings and positions for him.

David offered the Prince a cigarette, which was refused. It was quiet in the cockpit of the Ceres; the fine lines and the heavy structure of the windscreen to resist the pressure deadened the rush of air, and the engines were far behind. They sat in the dimmed lights of the instruments watching the blue, starry night ahead of them without speaking, and the altimeter needle made circuit after circuit of the dial as they sat.

The Prince sat staring ahead into the night, immersed in thought. David sat letting the machine fly herself upon the automatic pilot, relaxed, watching the hands move on the dials in front of him.

Presently he leaned back and spoke to Ryder at the navigator's table, and the second pilot came and stood between

the seats, with the engineer by him. They levelled off the climb and stood for some minutes adjusting the engine throttles as the speed slowly rose, till finally she was steady in the cruising condition. The Prince watched this going on and asked a question or two; then Ryder and the engineer withdrew, and all was quiet in the cockpit once again.

Presently the Prince said, "Is this your first spell of duty in England, Anderson?"

"That's right, sir," he replied. "I've never been stationed in England before."

"You've spent all your life in the R.A.A.F., haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. I entered as a boy apprentice when I was fifteen years old. I got my commission from the ranks when I'd been in six years."

"And since then you've done nothing but fly aeroplanes?"

"That's right, sir."

"Lucky devil."

Presently the Prince spoke again. "If I'd had the chance, I'd have tried to do what you've done," he said quietly. "Go into the R.A.F. and try to make a go of it, and get the rings because you've earned them, not because you're heir to the Throne." He turned to David. "Some people are born lucky."

The pilot grinned. "I wasn't born lucky," he said. "I was born in a ditch, and my mother was a half-caste girl. They must have told you that."

"They told us that, I tell you. You were born lucky. You could choose your life, and make it what you wanted it to be."

"Yes, sir."

They flew on in silence for a quarter of an hour, staring ahead into the blue, starry night. Presently the Prince slipped from the second pilot's seat, thanked David, and went back to his cabin.

Three hours after take-off they were south of Cape Farewell and about an hour out from Belle Isle at the north end of Newfoundland. Radio from Ottawa began to come in loud and clear; David sent Ryder to tell the Prince and to get his signals for transmission. The stewardess brought him a tray of supper in the cockpit and he sat eating in the pilot's seat, while the Ceres flew on through the dark night to Canada. She came to take the tray as they passed over Belle Isle, and he handed over the control to Ryder and took a little stroll through the machine. Forty minutes later he began a slow let-down when they were somewhere over Anticosti; they passed over Quebec in a clear sky at twenty-five thousand feet and saw the city as a mass of tiny strings of lights upon the velvety black ground. So presently they came to Ottawa and talked upon the radio to control, made one half-circuit of the airfield and came in to land upon the lighted runway, six hours and forty minutes after they had left White Waltham.

They taxied Tare to the

To page 47

Make Baby's Hair
GROW CURLY
4 Weeks' Treatment
3/11 EVERYWHERE

Curlypet

Page 46

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 10, 1953

National Library of Australia

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4381982

tarmac and shut off the engines: David left his seat and went aft to the Prince, who turned to thank him for the flight before he left the aircraft. David said, "I'm sorry we're a little late, sir. We lost time after passing Belle Isle; there's a cold mass moving down from the north there that we weren't told about."

"That's all right, Captain. A very pleasant flight."

David followed him down the steps on to the aerodrome; Frank Cox and Dewar were there, and a car waiting for the Prince and his valet. When that had driven off, Frank Cox turned to David. "Good trip?"

"Quite all right. What happens to us now?"

"Wait here for orders for a day or two. I've got you accommodation with the R.C.A.F. here." They set to work to move the aircraft to the parking place and snug it down for the night under a guard of the Royal Canadian Air Force Regiment. An hour later David was going to bed, with Dewar chatting to him in the doorway as he took his shoes off.

The Australian said, "Come in and shut the door a minute." The Canadian did so. "What's this all in aid of—do you know?"

"I don't know a thing. We heard about the T.U.C. and White Waltham—that was splashed in all the papers here." He paused. "Our people hit the roof. It happened the day after we got here, and they'd had pages of photographs of the Queen and the aircraft and me and Johnny. Canada's own aeroplane of the Queen's Flight, and the Queen coming in it. You know how it is." The Australian nodded. "And then, the very next day, the row about our aerodrome in England. My God, does England stink! I kept some of the papers—I'll show you. I've got them in my room."

"I'll take them for granted," David said. "I know how ours go on. One thing I will say for the Pomies: they keep

their Press under control—more or less."

"What is the real position?" asked the Canadian. "Are they kicking us out?"

"I haven't an idea," said David. "I haven't heard a thing, except what's in the papers." It was quite all right to try and pump Dewar for a bit of information, but he had no intention of being indiscreet himself.

Wing-Commander Dewar nodded. "You may have to watch your step with the reporters," he said. "They were on to me this morning trying to find out if I knew anything about it. Feeling's running a bit high just now." "I'll tell the boys," David nodded. "I'll tell the boys." He paused. "I tell the God they'd get a better class of politician back at home," he said. "This thing need never have happened at all."

"They'll have to get some modern notions into their democracy first," the Canadian said. "They're still living in the eighteenth century."

David put his shoes outside the door for the French-Canadian batman, and put his coat across the chair. "I'm going to turn in," he said. "To hell with all their politics. Where's Macmahon working? Out at Gatineau?"

The Canadian shook his head. "He's got an office in the Rideau Hall annex, by the Rockcliffe Park," he said. "That's the Governor-General's residence. You can get him on the telephone through Rideau Hall."

"Is he living there?"

Dewar shook his head. "He's living in the Chateau Laurier Hotel—the two girls are there, too. I think he spends most of his time at Gatineau, though."

"I expect he does, with all this damn nonsense going on."

The Canadian went away, and David went to bed, having secured the information that he wanted. He was tired with

Continuing . . . In The Wet

from page 46

the responsibility of the flight and he slept heavily, but he set his small alarm clock for the morning, and at half-past seven he was speaking on the telephone to Rosemary in the hotel.

"Sorry to ring so early," he said. "I thought I'd better make it early to catch you. How are you liking Canada?"

She said, "It's grand. I didn't see much of Edmonton, but Vancouver was lovely. Dewar made up a party for us and we went over to the Island one day and drove up into the mountains and had a picnic by a lake. It was simply heavenly."

"I've never been to the Island," he said. "I've flown over it twice or three times. It looks good." He paused. "We just got in last night," he said. "I was wondering if you'd have dinner with me to-night."

SHE said, "I'd love to, Nigger. I don't know whether we'll be able to. It was a very busy day yesterday—I didn't get back here till after nine. And it's going to be another busy one to-day. Are you going to here to-night, do you think?"

"I haven't any idea," he said. "We're just waiting for orders. I'll refuse and inspect the aircraft first thing this morning; after that we shall be standing by."

"I doubt if you'll be here," she said. "I think you may be going back to London." She paused. "I don't know anything, really," she said. "I think they're all at sixes and sevens."

"If I've got to beat it back to England our date's off," he said. "But if it's not, where shall we dine and when?"

"Do you mind if we dine here

fairly late?" she asked. "Say about eight o'clock? If it's a day like yesterday I shan't feel up to going anywhere where I should have to dress. Would you mind that?"

"Of course. Look, Rosemary—if it's a day like that, give me a ring here about six o'clock and we'll scrub it. You'll want to get to bed."

"Of course not, David. It's only that I may be feeling like old Jorrock—where I dine I sleep. I'd love to see you and hear all your news."

"I've not got much," he said. "I'll be at the hotel about eight, then. Look after yourself."

"Good-bye," she said. "See you to-night unless they send you back."

He rang off and went into the mess for breakfast. By half-past ten the fueling and the inspection of the machine were finished and he dismissed the crew, with warning that they should not leave the camp till further notice. Frank Cox turned up shortly before lunch in one of the Royal cars, and David reported to him. "We're in readiness again now," he said. "Any orders, sir?"

"Keep standing by," the Group-Captain said. "I'm going out to Gatineau again after lunch. They're having a high-level conference there now, I think. One or other of them will probably be going back to-night."

"If we're still here in readiness to-night, I've got a dinner date I'd like to keep at the Chateau Laurier Hotel," the pilot said. "Be all right if I'm on the telephone there?"

"I suppose so. Ryder had better stay here in the mess if you're away."

They lunched together in the mess. Frank Cox drove off again in his car, and David, left with the afternoon upon his hands, went and lay down on his bed. He had the prospect of another flight that

★ As I read the stars ★

★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): That dynamic personality of yours should find full scope in dealing with others, June 12. The daytime smiles on business, the evening is social. June 15 also good.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Buying and selling goods and services are under friendly stars, June 12. June 15 inclines to extravagant purchases or buckling up the old pocket-book.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): Every native of Gemini should be in high spirits. What you don't like you'll alter, and what you enjoy you'll improve upon. June 10, 13 are flash-points.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): Some hidden problem, some private matter may be brought out into the open, June 11, and cease to be an issue. June 12 should bring contentment.

LEO (July 23-August 22): You may come to a decision, June 9, collect information and act upon it with success. June 11 is kind to romance, also to obtaining favors of those in authority.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Nail that job, June 10, if it is what you really want. June 13 is up to you. It will be either a personal triumph or a wash-out.

evening back to England in front of him; although he had received no orders it was most unlikely that the Prince of Wales would stay away from England for more than a day in the absence of the Queen. It was morally certain, David felt, that he would receive instructions very shortly to fly the Prince back that night, and in anticipation he would catch up on his sleep. He took

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Look ahead, June 12, and you may prefer a big success or a wish fulfilled later to trifling gains now. June 15 is full of nervous tension.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Play safe in all departments of your affairs, June 9. Damage to person or property, minor losses are possibilities. June 13 brings a windfall.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Anywhere you go with boy or girl friend or the marriage partner you should have a wonderful time, June 10. Be among those present also on June 14.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Ask favors of the powers-that-be on June 11. Good fortune through an older person may help you on your way. On June 13 postpone any matter of importance.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): A business affair concluded June 9 might result in a visit from Dame Fortune. June 14 is fine for outings.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A little self-indulgence or a small luxury could brighten June 11. Arrangements for June 13 may take a most unexpected twist.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.

his coat and shoes off and set his alarm clock for six o'clock, and lay down on the bed and pulled a blanket over him. In ten minutes he was asleep.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

MORE FULL-STRENGTH ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL IN KOLYNOS!

Instantly Destroys Mouth Odours!

Tones up tender gums! Cuts dental decay!

Just look at the colour of your Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll! See that deep, rich green? There's your proof that this magical toothpaste gives you the utmost benefits of chlorophyll... complete dental protection.

Kolynos with Chlorophyll tones up tender gums and reduces tooth decay. It destroys

mouth odours instantly—doesn't just "cover them up". Your whole mouth feels so fresh and wholesome for hours. Your teeth sparkle with new brightness.

Today, buy your large or medium size tube of Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll. Get more Chlorophyll protection—the KOLYNOS way.

* Regular Kolynos in the yellow tube available everywhere.

Kolynos TOOTH PASTE
with Chlorophyll

LARGE and MEDIUM
LOOK for the GREEN CARTON

Sunbeam MIXMASTER

the ONLY food mixer that has **all** these advantages



Streamlined Beauty

Gleaming black and white finish—the perfect colour toning.

Compare it with any other mixer and prove to yourself it is the finest food mixer made.

Sunbeam Mixmaster not only eliminates all the hard work from food mixing, but because its mixing is scientifically correct you'll have no more cooking failures. Its exclusive features ensure success.

IT'S NOT A REAL MIXER IF THE BOWL DOES NOT AUTOMATICALLY REVOLVE.



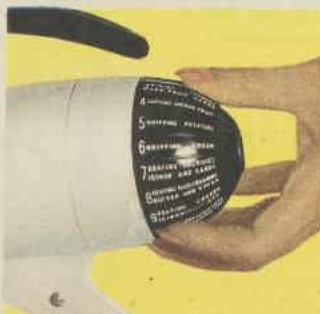
THE MIXMASTER BOWL DOES AUTOMATICALLY REVOLVE WITHOUT ANY PUSHING BY HAND.

A special nylon button fitted to one of the Mixmaster full-mix beaters contacts the inside surface of the bowl and turns the bowl automatically on a revolving disc, thus keep-

ing bowl-speed and beater-speed uniform, and making sure **all** the mixture is continuously carried through the beaters for even, thorough mixing.



SUNBEAM JUICE EXTRACTOR GETS ALL THE JUICE automatically, faster, cleaner.



SUNBEAM MIX-FINDER DIAL "tunes in" the correct beating speed for all food mixing tasks.



SUNBEAM BEATER EJECTOR AUTOMATICALLY EJECTS the glistening Sunbeam "full-mix" beaters by simply flicking the handle. No unscrewing—no messy fingers.



SUNBEAM PORTABILITY. Take the beaters to a saucepan on the stove, simply, easily, safely, —nothing to go wrong.

SUNBEAM BEATER ADJUSTMENT LEVER adjusts correct beater position for both bowls —automatically.

Made and guaranteed by **Sunbeam CORPORATION LTD.**, Coward Street, Mascot, N.S.W. (Head Office and Factory); 542 Little Bourke Street, Melbourne; 159 Waymouth Street, Adelaide; 116 Logan Road, Woolloongabba, Qld. . . . W.A.: M. J. Bateman Pty. Ltd.; Carlyle & Co. Ltd.; Atkins (W.A.) Ltd.; Harris Scarfe & Sandovers Ltd. . . . T.A.S.: Medhurst & Sons Pty. Ltd. . . . N.Z.: Brown & Dureau Ltd.

SUNBEAM POWERFUL, GOVERNOR-CONTROLLED MOTOR IS AN ENGINEERING MASTERPIECE . . . IT IS THE KEY FEATURE OF THE MIXMASTER UNIT.

Its unique construction gives it power to spare, whatever the task. It is the final reason why Mixmaster is so superior

in actual performance. Added to the other features, it makes Mixmaster the only mixer for you!

Pot Roast

Roasting meats on top of the stove makes a welcome change from an oven-baked dinner.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

SAVORY pot roasts are most successful if done in a heavy-type saucepan or pressure-cooker.

Initial browning, which is the most important step in cooking a pot roast, takes up to 20 minutes according to size of joint.

Once the liquid (stock or water) has been added to the fat in which the meat was browned, cooking should be gentle. If a heavy-type saucepan is not available, an asbestos mat will help to keep heat low and steady.

Saucepan lid must fit tightly to keep steam in and prevent evaporation of liquid. This is especially important if joint is large, taking approximately 3 hours to cook. In this case it is sometimes necessary to add a little extra liquid about half-way through the cooking time.

Frequent turning is necessary to ensure even cooking.

Included below are several recipes for turning the remains of a pot roast into an appetising savory dish for another meal.

All spoon measurements are level.

POT ROAST OF BEEF

Three to 3½ lb boned, rolled rib of beef, ¼ cup flour, 3 dessertspoons fat, salt, pepper, ½ cup water, stock, or tomato juice, or a mixture of all three.

Dredge meat with flour, brown thoroughly on all sides in hot fat. Season with salt and pepper, add liquid, cover closely and cook gently 2½ to 3 hours. Add more liquid half-way through cooking time if necessary. Vegetables may be added and cooked as for rolled shoulder pot roast.

ITALIAN POT ROAST

One and a half to two pounds beef, cut in one piece, 3 dessertspoons olive oil, ¾ cups chopped skinned tomatoes and juice, or use tinned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ clove garlic, ½ bay leaf, 1 clove, gravy browning.

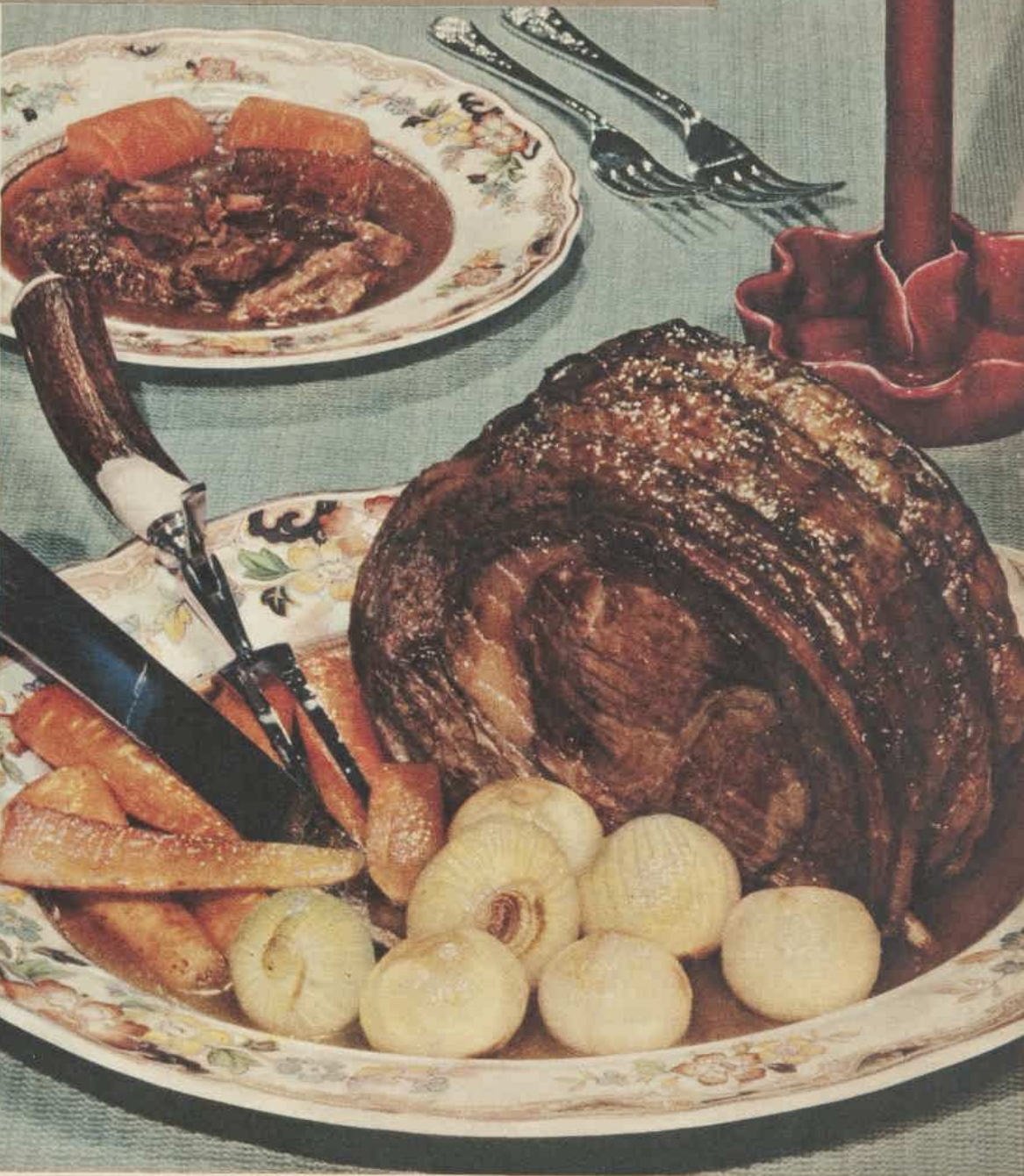
Wipe beef with damp cloth, sear in hot olive oil, turning to sear all sides. Add tomatoes, salt, pepper, finely chopped garlic, bay leaf, and cloves. Cover tightly and simmer 3 hours, or until tender. Remove meat, keep hot. Thicken gravy. A little gravy browning may be added if desired. Serve hot.

Note: For this type of pot-roast, vegetables are best cooked separately—either boiled or steamed.

BEEF MIROTON

Three onions, 1 to 2 dessertspoons fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, or use tinned vegetable soup, salt and pepper, ½ to ¾ lb. cooked beef cut in thin slices, bread fingers cut ½ in. thick, melted shortening.

Slice onions, brown in hot fat. Add flour, brown well. Add vinegar, tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, and stock or soup. Stir until boiling. Season with salt and pepper, add meat slices, cook 2 to 3 minutes until meat is heated through. Fill into greased ovenproof dish, top with bread fingers dipped in melted shortening, placing fingers diagonally across dish. Bake in hot oven until bread is crisp and lightly browned.



STUFFED CABBAGE LEAVES

Outer leaves of cabbage, 2 cups diced cold meat, 2 tablespoons tomato chutney, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon gravy browning, ½ cup stock or water, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 small grated carrot, salt and pepper to taste, extra ½ to ¾ cup stock, water or tomato juice or mixture of these.

Wash cabbage leaves well, remove coarse stems. Into a saucepan place meat, chutney, onion, gravy browning blended with stock or water, grated carrot, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 10 minutes, fold in parsley and breadcrumbs. Allow to stand for 10 minutes. Place a spoon-

ful on each cabbage leaf, turn sides of leaves in and roll up to make small parcels. Pack into greased casserole dish, add extra stock, water, or tomato juice. Cover closely and cook gently in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot.

ROLLED SHOULDER POT ROAST

Three and a half to four pounds boned, rolled shoulder lamb, hogget, or mutton, ¾ cups soft breadcrumbs, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon finely chopped red or green pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, milk to moisten,

ROLLED BEEF ROAST, thoroughly browned on both sides and "roasted" in a closely lidded saucepan with a small quantity of liquid, makes an appetising dinner dish. Very little heat is necessary to keep the saucepan at simmering point.

sufficient melted fat to barely cover bottom of large saucepan, 1 clove garlic, 4 tablespoons water, small whole onions, carrots, and potatoes.

Combine breadcrumbs, onion, parsley, red or green pepper, and mint. Add salt, pepper, and melted shortening; bind with milk. Place meat, fat side down, on board or greaseproof paper. Cover with seasoning, roll up. Tie securely with string or coarse thread. Brown well on all sides in hot fat; may take 15 to 20 minutes. Cut 4 small slits in

top of meat, insert ½ clove garlic in each. Add water to pan, cover tightly, cook gently 1½ to 2 hours or until tender, turning meat several times. About 45 minutes before meat is done add potatoes and carrots; add onions 15 minutes later. Remove meat when tender. If vegetables are not sufficiently brown, leave lid off and cook quickly. Remove vegetables, keep hot while making brown gravy with drippings left in saucepan.



* Household
Odours

ZEFF away
* H.Q. before
guests arrive

Quick acting Zeff ban-
ishes mustiness and
stiffness. Keeps
your home fresh
as a Zephyr. **5/6**

At chemists grocers & stores

ZEFF

Trade Mark

The pure white
HOUSEHOLD AIR REFRESHER
does not stain

Product of the Chlorophyll
Manufacturing Company, famous for
its "Vaseline" Brand Products. **CS**



15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new
silkiness and
save pounds on your
hair-do's.

Get a tube of con-
centrated Curlypet—
squeeze Curlypet into
a pint milk bottle of
warm water—shake till
mixed—now you have
a pint of the best,
most fragrant quickset
lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated
Curlypet for 5/11 from
your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
CH.4

UNWANTED HAIRS



Effective
home
treatment

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently
by the Vanix dermatal treatment.
Vanix penetrates deep into hair
tissues and kills the roots without
affecting the skin.

"VANIX" is priced at 7/6 a bottle
(posted 8/6) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd.,
312 George St., Sydney, and all
branches: Washington St., South
Preston & Co. Ltd. (all branches);
Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Swift's
Pharmacy, 173 Little Collins St., Mel-
bourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 97 &
278 Rundle St., Adelaide, and Deans
Ltd., Perth.

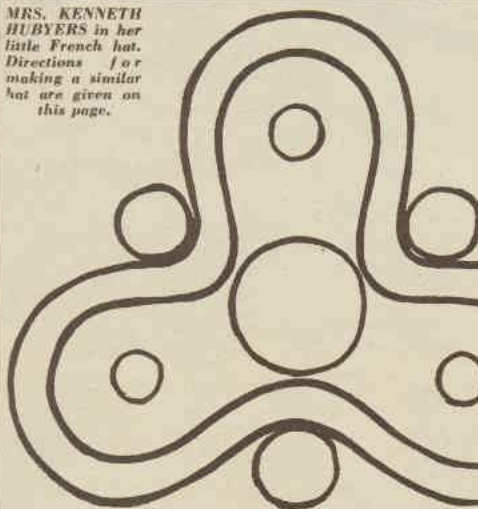
For informative folder, mention this
paper and write to "VANIX," Box
374, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

Page 50



MRS. KENNETH
HUYBERS in her
little French hat.
Directions for
making a similar
hat are given on
this page.



MAKE A FRENCH HAT

The French model
illustrated here was
worn by Mrs. Kenneth
Huybers, of Mel-
bourne, when she
returned from abroad
recently.

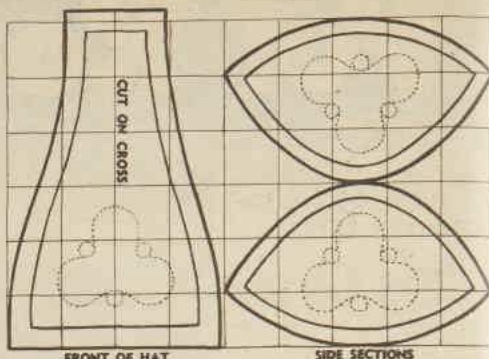
AN adaptation of this
charming little velvet
hat has been made by
Rene, our fashion artist,
using a small buckram
shape as a foundation.

These standard shapes can
be bought for less than 3/- at
many shops.

A trim of embroidered
sequins, silver beads, seed
pearls, or braid can be used
to give individuality.

Materials: Small remnant
or pieces of black velvet, 1
ready-blocked buckram cloche
shape, sequins, silver beads,
pearls, or braid, whichever
is preferred for trimming,
piece of silk for head lining.

Directions for Making: Cut
a full-scale paper pattern for
the three pattern pieces shown
in the diagram above, in which
each square represents 2in.,
then cut velvet according to
pattern.



THESE DIAGRAMS show the three simple pattern pieces
that are used to make the hat. When drawing patterns,
allow 2in. for each square indicated in the diagram.

A 2in. turning has been al-
lowed on the centre piece and
2in. turnings on both side sec-
tions. The centre piece should
be cut on the cross and the
two side sections can be cut
either on the straight or on
the cross.

Tack velvet centre piece in
position on the buckram shape.
Turn in top edges of side sec-
tions and tack to centre piece.
Hand-sew seams, then turn in

edges under hat all round and
stitch.

Make three tracings on
tissue paper of the trimming
design. Tack one tracing on
front of hat where indicated
and one on either side. Bead
or braid as preferred.

Using the same three pat-
tern pieces, cut a head lining
in silk, sew pieces together,
turn under at edge, and slip-
stitch lining in position about
2in. in from edge of hat.

TRIMMING
DESIGN: Trace
this design three
times on tissue
paper. Place
one of the
traced designs at
centre front and
sides of hat as
illustrated, and
embroider with
sequins, beads,
seed pearls, or
braid.

To wash silk and velvet ...

Many women are afraid to wash velvet,
believing that it cannot be done successfully
or that success depends on the specialised
knowledge of an expert.

HOWEVER, if you fol-
low a few simple rules
you can get surprisingly
good results.

Rain-water is best for wash-
ing velvet, but if this is not
available use ordinary water
softened by the addition of a
little borax.

Prepare a generous lather
from soap flakes or good
quality pure soap and water
at hand temperature.

Steep the garment in the
sudsy water until most of the
grime is loosened. Any particu-
larly bad spots should be
rubbed very gently and with
a piece of chamois leather,
working in the direction of the
pile.

On no account should velvet
be rubbed against itself.

Rinse thoroughly in at least
three rinsings of cold water to
which a little salt has been
added.

Hang out to dry, dripping
wet.

Don't use pegs as they mark
the pile. The best method for
hanging is on a long cane
bound with soft towelling.

When dry, the velvet should

be brushed in the same direc-
tion as the pile with a hard
clothes brush.

Before laundering a silk
garment remove ribbons,
shoulder-pads, or trimmings.

Silk should never be soaked
but washed quickly and by
hand. In the case of white
silk, bleaching or blueing
agents should never be used.

Immerse the garment in
tepid water fluffed up with
suds of mild soap. A pinch
of salt added to the water

helps prevent colors running
or fading.

Squeeze the suds gently
through the fabric until dirt
is removed, then rinse in at
least two changes of luke-
warm water.

Press out excess water.
Don't twist or wring, as this
weakens and sometimes breaks
the fibre. Then roll the gar-
ment in a towel to absorb
the remaining moisture.

When ironing, press on the
wrong side with a moderately
hot iron and follow the direc-
tion of the weave.

To prevent scorching or
shine put a piece of gauze
under the fabric and press over
a damp cloth.



WHEN MARKING LINEN, write the name with a black lead-
pencil first, then go over the pencil outline with marking-ink.
The pencilled line prevents the ink from running.

for safe
"crash landings"



Allenburys
Haliborange
The nicest way of taking Vitamins A and D

● When your youngsters "crash-land" in the
frozen fastness of the dining room be sure they
are protected with Haliborange! This famous
tonic-food is processed from halibut liver and
flavoured with genuine orange juice. Hal-
iborange contains standardised doses of the
anti-germ and growth factor, Vitamin A; and
Vitamin D, which protects against coughs, colds,
croup, influenza . . . promotes formation of
sound teeth and bones. The Halibut Liver Oil
used in the preparation of Allenburys
Haliborange is 50 times more potent in
Vitamin A, and 35 times more potent in Vitamin
D than pure cod-liver oil. Children love the
tasty, genuine orange flavour of Haliborange
... there is no oily taste. Recommended for
regular daily use from one year old till puberty.

7/6 from chemists only. An Allenburys Product.

MANUFACTURED BY ALLEN & HANBURY (AUSTRALASIA) LTD.





The Chintz pattern illustrated here retails for only 6/6 yard (48") — the BARONESS Bed Lamp for 45/9.



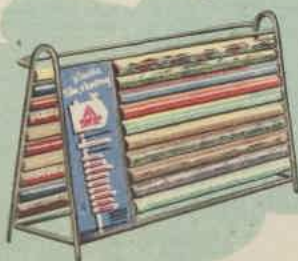
Plastic Film

YOU CAN DO SO MUCH WITH....

(.....AND FOR SO LITTLE!)

The tremendous success of NYLEX brand Plastic Film has brought a new conception of values to the world of soft furnishings. No longer is it necessary to pay luxury prices for the furnishing effects you want - you can get them for mere shillings per yard with fabulous, fast-selling NYLEX brand Plastic Film.

Available everywhere in soft, beautiful fabric textures like Brocade, Taffeta, Moire, Pique, Linen - glorious colours - fashion-fresh patterns.



New patterns, new colours, new textures are being released continually. Look for them on the smart NYLEX display stand at all leading stores — city and country.

Manufactured by Australia's largest plastics organisation

MOULDED PRODUCTS (AUSTRALASIA) LIMITED

Melbourne Sydney Newcastle Brisbane Townsville Adelaide Perth Hobart Launceston

MP.2-53

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 10, 1953

Page 51



Adelaide

"I've regularly used Air-wick in hospitals and thoroughly recommend it to keep the air nice and fresh even in serious sick rooms."
Sister Elizabeth S. Muir,
5 Lloyd Ave., HILLSWOOD, S.A.



Melbourne

"I could never get rid of cooking smells in my small flat until I used Air-wick. It's the only thing that really works."
Mrs. M. J. McCarthy,
Korfer Road, HAMPTON, VIC.



Brisbane

"I am the proprietor of the Atcherley and Eton Private Hotels. I always use Air-wick in rooms before new guests come in. They remark how sweet and fresh everything is."
Mr. J. Sklavus, BRISBANE.

Sydney

"The worst thing about electricity rationing in our office was the smell of kerosene heaters. Air-wick kills that smell — as well as stale tobacco smells."
Mr. Tweeddale, Deutron Buttons, SYDNEY.



Perth

"10 months ago I first saw Air-wick advertised. I bought it. Since that day there hasn't been an unpleasant smell in my home."
Mr. J. W. Harford, 219
Great Eastern Highway, BELMONT PARK, W.A.



Sydney

"When I've been out all day the first thing I do is open the Air-wick. It's wonderful the way Air-wick ridges any room of shut-up-all-day stuffiness."
Mrs. E. Rainford,
5 Campbell Avenue, PADDINGTON.



HERE'S PROOF POSITIVE! Over 500,000 Australians regularly use Air-wick to kill indoor smells

**Air-wick contains 125 compounds
as used by nature to kill smells**

PLUS MIRACLE-WORKING

CHLOROPHYLL

(which nature uses to keep grass fresh and green)



—the only air-freshener that contains Chlorophyll

Once you've used Air-wick you'll never be without it.

How does it work such wonders — not only in destroying all household smells but in actually freshening the air as well?



*costs less
than one
penny per
day to use*

It's nature's miracle—and this is how it happens . . . You just place the Air-wick bottle above the smell and pull up the wick. As Air-wick evaporates it descends for the vapor is heavier than air.

The compounds in Air-wick meet the smells as they rise and "pair" with them. Neutralising them! Killing them utterly.

Air-wick is the only air-freshener that uses all of these compounds. The only air-freshener that uses miracle working chlorophyll. Everything in Air-wick is safe because when you use it you're breathing in the freshness of your garden—the

purest of mountain air. No danger of harming delicate membranes of nose or throat.

For that reason you must insist on Air-wick. Only Air-wick works in this unique way to kill unpleasant household smells utterly.



HORLICKS PTY. LTD.



LAYERS OF FISH, sliced potato, and onion make this appetising Hungarian fish bake, which can be served for luncheon or dinner. See main prize-winning recipe below.

Recipe prizes

A simple fish dish, popular in Hungary, wins the main prize in this week's cookery contest.

FOUR fish fillets (about 1½ lb.) are extended with potato to make a hearty main-course dish to serve four. The addition of onion, lemon, and paprika gives the fish and potato a piquant flavor.

A tempting and unusual prune and walnut tart wins a consolation prize. Cinnamon and brown sugar in the topping give extra flavor interest.

Another consolation prize is awarded for a tasty pork chop casserole with tomatoes and onions.

All spoon measurements are level.

HUNGARIAN FISH BAKE

Five medium-sized potatoes, 1 onion, 4 fillets whiting, snapper, or bream (about 1½ lb.), lemon juice, salt, pepper, 2oz. shortening, 2 tablespoons sour cream or milk, paprika.

Boil and skin potatoes, cut into slices barely ½ in. thick. Slice onions and shortening. Arrange in alternate layers in greased casserole. Lightly season each layer. Coat fish with lemon juice, place in casserole, season, pour over cream or milk. Top with potato slices, brush with extra melted shortening, sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. V. Eszenyi, 21 Allen Grove, Unley, S.A.

PORK CHOP CASSEROLE

Four pork chops, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon fat, good ½ cup chopped onion, ½ clove garlic (may be omitted), 2 tomatoes, olives and parsley to garnish.

Trim chops, coat with seasoned flour. Brown in hot fat, turning to brown both sides. Place in casserole. Add onion and chopped garlic (if used) to pan, brown. Spread half over chops. Arrange tomatoes cut into ½ in. slices on top of chops. Season and sprinkle with any remaining flour. Top with balance of onions. Cover

and bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until chops are tender. Serve garnished with stuffed olives and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Morgan, 498 Bell St., West Preston, Melbourne.

PRUNE AND WALNUT TART

One uncooked 8 in. tart-case, 1½ cups drained cooked prunes (slightly sweetened), 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup syrup drained from prunes, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Topping: One tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ cup flour, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Stone prunes, preserving shape, arrange in tart-case with walnuts. Beat egg with syrup, lemon juice, and sugar. Pour over prunes. Prepare topping. Rub butter or substitute into remaining topping ingredients. Sprinkle over tart. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Miller, 42 Empress St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Infants' diet

VERY often some complementary feeding has to be given to a baby in the early weeks of his life.

Young mothers should realise that even one-third of breast milk in a baby's diet is a safeguard and helps the infant to digest any artificial food that has to be supplied.

A helpful chapter on complementary feeding and on feeding difficulties is included in "You and Your Baby," a complete parentcraft book by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.

Copies may be obtained from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price, 8/6, postage, 9d. Names and addresses should be printed in block letters.

Black details on a white house

In the past two or three months hundreds of motorists have suddenly pulled up in front of a newly painted black-and-white home at Lindfield, N.S.W., and stared at it with unconcealed surprise.

THE house belongs to Mr. and Mrs. K. W. McGauly, of Tryon Road, Lindfield.

When they bought it a few years ago, it was painted cream and green.

But Mrs. McGauly was far from satisfied with its orthodox appearance.

"I wanted the house to have a personalised look," she said, "and when I read that black was becoming popular in furnishings I played with the idea of using this color on the exterior of our home as a dramatic contrast to white."

Mrs. McGauly could visualise the ultimate effect—a wide house standing well back from the road, with trees and shrubs and terraced lawns to soften its outlines.

Despite the fact that family and friends had grave doubts about the outcome, and the tradesmen she consulted about the job of painting shook their heads in a very superior way, Mrs. McGauly was firm in her decision.

So the house was painted snowy-white, and gutters, downpipes, wrought-iron railings, and shutters were given three coats of jet-black paint.

This smart color scheme has given the house an entirely individual appearance and stimulated many of her friends to explore new trends in exterior color schemes.

To strengthen the contrast



FRONT VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. K. W. McGauly's home at Lindfield, N.S.W. The house, painted white with black shutters, wrought-iron grilles, gutters, and downpipes, has attracted a lot of attention from neighbors and motorists.

of white and black, sharp touches of Chinese-red were added to the porch lamp, a few garden tubs, and small pot-plants on the sundeck.

Mrs. McGauly is now planning and planting the garden with bright-colored flowers and shrubs and a variety of foliage trees of deep green to add further emphasis to the black-and-white scheme.

Mrs. McGauly thinks that she is the first Australian homemaker to have a black-and-white home and is rather proud of the interest it has aroused.

"Our home never rated a second glance before it was repainted. Now scores of people tell me it is a very smart-looking home indeed. And I certainly agree with them."



VIEW of the outdoor sunroom from the drive. The shutters decorating the french doors leading from the main bedroom to the sunroom are painted jet-black. The wrought-iron furniture is white. Black is also introduced into the color scheme of the umbrella.



FOUR INVERTED witch-bowls and a round glass table-top form a novel table for coffee or a corner. Here it is used to set off this corner arrangement in the living-room.



MRS. MCGAULY makes a feature of unusual and colorful floral centrepieces for her dinner parties. For this setting she designed a gracefully arched boomerang of red geraniums, white daisies, and blue hydrangeas. The red candles repeat the main color scheme.

Here's the
BACKACHE



Where's the
SLOAN'S

The persistent, dull ache of a strained, aching back and the jabbing pains of lumbago are quickly eased by the pain-relieving warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Also stops pain of bruises, sprains, joint aches. Just pat it on.

SLOAN'S
LINIMENT 2/9
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE



Teething trouble

During the difficult teething period Steedman's Powders are just the thing for baby's good health. Steedman's aid regular habits and cool the bloodstream. Used by mothers for over 100 years.

Write now to "Steedman's, Box 17572, G.P.O. Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers."

Give

STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS
for Regularity

AT ALL CHEMISTS
Made in England.

Does the MAN in YOUR LIFE
ADORE YOUR SKIN?

Here's a secret! Massage overnight with **MERCOLIZED WAX** instead of ordinary face cream. Next morning use Mercolized Wax as your make-up base. Your skin will lure and fascinate... take on a lovely loveliness.

MERCOLIZED WAX
CREAM
THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM
M.W.J. 13

NOISE The Killer

PROTECT YOUR HEALTH AND NERVES with "Anti-noise" Sound-Absorbing Ear Plugs. Ensure perfect sleep and rest in noisy areas and hospitals. Prevent travel and sea sickness and, being waterproof, guard eardrums and swimmers from the agony of ear infections. "Anti-noise" are guaranteed not to contain rubber and are medically approved. They may be used for a considerable period before their effectiveness becomes impaired. Box of 6-2 6 from leading Chemists or post free Box 10, P.O. Edgecliff, Sydney.

Makers of famous "VANDER HARBOR" Deplatory.

Page 53

*She serves the warmest
meals in town...*



...she serves
Swift



BEEF AND VEGETABLES, STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING, IRISH STEW, LAMB AND PEAS, CASSEROLE STEAK, BRAISED STEAK WITH ONIONS, CORNED BEEF WITH DICED POTATOES, MEAT BALLS.



Love these quick meals!

Swift



Grocer Sam says... **Swift food products are always good!**

Swift Australian Company (Pty.) Ltd.
NATIONWIDE MANUFACTURERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF FAMOUS FOOD PRODUCTS

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA: Enter a beautiful but apparently deserted palace, and find they are prisoners. They escape terrible death-traps of poi-

soned food and gas, and find the ugly old man who is their captor. Mandrake disarms him, and he tells them he was the runt of a family of cruel bandits. One by one he got rid of his family. NOW READ ON:



TEENA

by Linda Terry

DO YOU FEEL AS LISTLESS AS I FEEL?



LISTLESS.

Y' THINK WE'RE SICK? A VITAMIN DEFICIENCY PERHAPS?



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT TH' "VITA", BUT THE "MEN" ARE DEFINITELY DEFICIENT AROUND HERE... TWO WEEKS WITHOUT A DATE... I THINK WE'RE JUST PLAIN SICK OF NO FELLAS...



WHY DON'T WE GO DOWN TO THE MILK BAR AND SEE WHAT WE CAN VAMP FOR OURSELVES?

TH' MANAGEMENT'S LOOKIN' AT US FUNNY, AGAIN.



WELL, MORE SODAS - I'M NOT LEAVING HERE UNTIL A MAN COMES INTO MY LIFE!

12 SODAS LATER



I THINK THEY'RE WAITING TO SEE IF WE CAN PAY FOR OUR OWN SODAS... ORDER ANOTHER ROUND!



(TOO MANY SODAS LATER)



HI, TEENA, CAN WE BUY YOU GIRLS A SODA?

WHY - UH - WED - UH - ULY AIR!! FORCE AIR DOWN MY THROAT!



HUH? 'S MATTER WITH THEM?

JUST PLAIN SICK OF FELLAS, LOOKS LIKE -

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"URSULA." - A pretty nightgown designed with elastic shirring at bodice-top and waistline. The material is a pin-spot printed haircord; the color choice includes blue, red, and green spots, all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes XSSW, 32in. bust, 39/11; SSW, 34 in. bust, 39/11; SW, 36in. bust, 39/11; W, 38in. bust, 41/3.

Cut Out Only: Sizes XSSW, 32in. bust, 29/3; SSW, 34in. bust, 29/3; SW, 36in. bust, 29/3; W, 38in. bust, 30/6.



"ZOE." - Well-cut tailored shorts are obtainable ready to wear only in sanforized drill. The color choice includes black, navy, denim-blue, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24in., 25in., 26in., and 27in. waist, 35/-; 28in., 29in., and 30in. waist, 36/6.

* NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 22. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 442 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 10, 1953



A man will soon learn what every woman knows

my help is needed in the laundry..

to wash and wring that heavy weekly wash whiter, brighter, faster!

★ Yes. Just let a man do one week's wash, and he'll soon learn that washing is a full-size job, and half measures won't help. Only a full-size dependable Pope Washer with its deep, roomy, rustproof tub . . . its exclusive Aquavane Washing Principle that washes more clothes cleaner, faster . . . and its big power wringer, can give you the help you need, and the extra leisure you long for. Choose a full-size Pope for your laundry - make me your servant - and you can say goodbye to weary work - all-day washdays forever!



★ EXCLUSIVE, GENTLE, THOROUGH 'AQUAVANE' WASHING PRINCIPLE

I symbolise the unique "Aquavane" washing principle. Inside the tub I create millions of activated bubbles . . . tiny pressure centres that surge through the wash, gently coaxing out all grime and stains, washing and re-washing every item in the tub . . . saving clothes, soap and hot water.

FULL SIZE! FULL VALUE! FULLY GUARANTEED!

3 good reasons why it pays to pick a

Pope Electric WASHING MACHINE

LIFETIME MAINTENANCE ★ 12 MONTHS GUARANTEE Dependable as the product itself ★ 12 MONTHS FREE SERVICE



"How soon can I come to your home?"

• NOW AVAILABLE
• All Electric Models.
• 230 volt D.C. and 32 volt Lighting Plant Models.
AT ALL LEADING STORES!

Pope Products Limited • Perth : Adelaide : Melbourne: Sydney : Brisbane

Savoury Saos



At home on cold nights
butter the "SAOS."
Grate a little cheese over
them, and then sprinkle
with pepper.
One minute in a hot oven
and serve hot.

only
Arnott's
make
Sao Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

